JOHN BULL

2½D

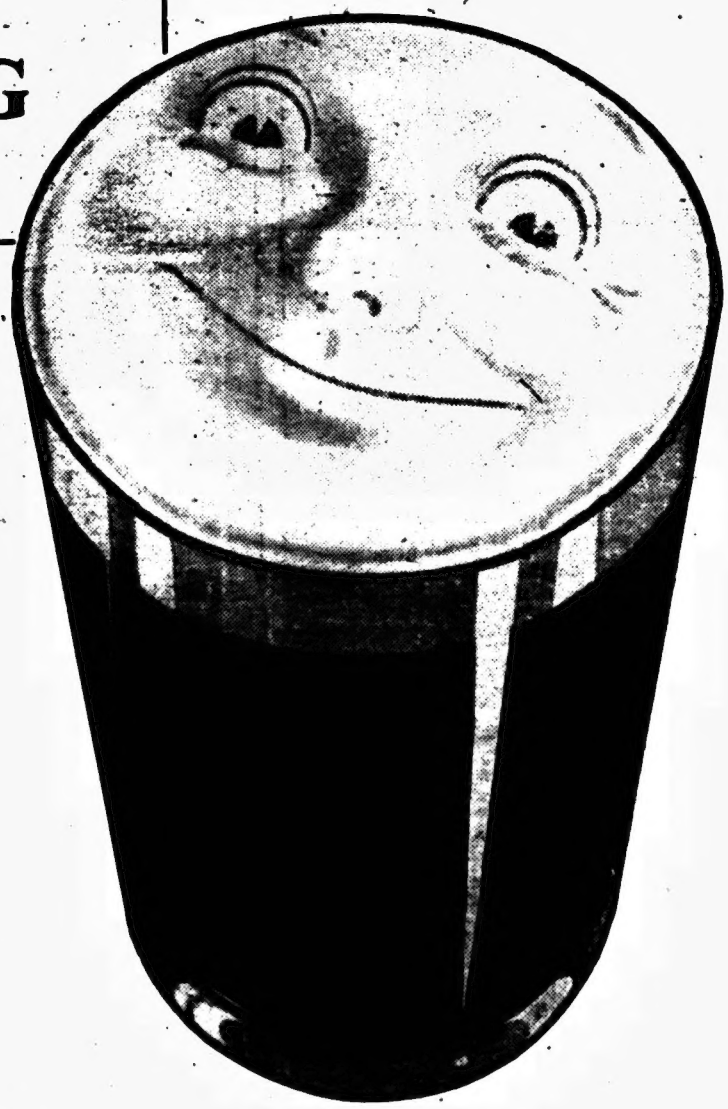
VOL. LXX 1843

THE GATHERING TEMPEST
By A.G.G.

WHAT HOUSEWIVES WANT TO KNOW

OUR MISSING "G.O.C."
By The Editor

KEEP SMILING



Guinness
is GOOD for you

G.E.1062.9

Keep Maltesers as a treat for special occasions. When the kiddies enjoy the Maltesers they've well and truly earned — what a moment for them! Even in these days of scarcity you'll occasionally pick up a few for them if you keep a sharp look-out. And how they'll appreciate those irresistible honeycomb centres — that delicious malty flavour *and* the rich chocolate coating. Watch their faces and see!

GRAND REWARDS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

What do I do...

with these "What do I do" announcements?

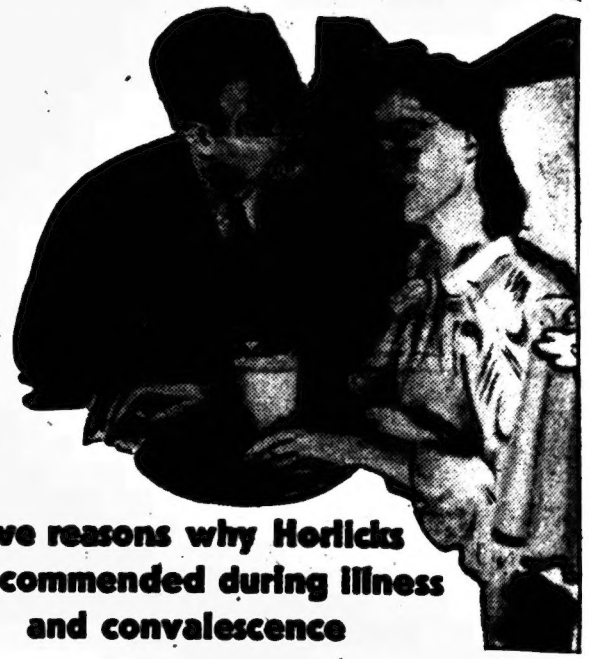
I read them carefully wherever I see them, because they contain *official* information in a short form on the subjects they deal with.

I cut them out and keep them, because today's subject may be an answer for tomorrow's problem.

I see to it that my family read them too. "I never knew" is no excuse today!

Cut this out—and keep it!

Issued by the Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation
by the Brewers' Society



Five reasons why Horlicks is recommended during illness and convalescence

IT is always rather a problem to provide a suitable and appetizing diet for invalids and convalescents, and especially now when the choice of foods is restricted. But you can turn with confidence to Horlicks. It has several great advantages.

FIRST, Horlicks is easily digested even by the most delicate system. It often proves to be the only food that a patient can retain and absorb.

SECONDLY, the milk sugar and malt sugars in Horlicks pass into the blood-stream very quickly. That is why Horlicks has a revivifying effect. It creates energy almost at once.

THIRDLY, Horlicks has a good proportion of readily assimilable protein and a useful proportion of mixed carbohydrates. This makes Horlicks a good tissue-repairer.

FOURTHLY, Horlicks is most appetizing to the patient, and no trouble to prepare. It needs neither milk nor sugar.

FINALLY, Horlicks is not expensive. Prices are the same as before the war: from two shillings a bottle. * * *

We ask the forbearance of users of Horlicks when their chemists or grocers are temporarily without stock. Every effort is being made to ensure equitable distribution.

HORLICKS

HOW THE FRESH-FOOD VITAMINS CAN HELP YOUR CHILDREN

1. They guard against infection. 2. They promote sturdy growth; strengthen the bones and teeth; prevent rickets. 3. They help to keep skin and hair healthy. 4. They help the eyes to see at night.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA
gives you an extra supply of
Fresh-Food Vitamins

Prices: quarter-lb. 5d. half-lb. 9½d.

and Keep Shining!

IN BLACK, TONETTE, DARK TAN STAIN etc.

CB/BM./22

MODEL WIFE GIVES CLOTHES COUPONS TO HUSBAND

Makes 5 lb. Jam on Washday

LAST Monday morning this housewife started her shopping at 9.30, knowing how long shopping takes. At the greengrocer's some rhubarb had come in and she secured 3 lbs. With some ginger she was able to make 5 lbs. of delicious jam — all done before lunch.

She wasn't able to start the washing until the children had gone back to school after lunch. Yet, she'd got it ready for ironing by teatime.

DOESN'T BOIL CLOTHES

Asked how she did it, this housewife said she didn't believe in boiling clothes; she considered it a waste of time and energy. She just soaked the things for 12 minutes in Rinso, using the hot tap water. No boiling-up or hard rubbing was necessary, yet the clothes came out beautifully clean.

She did a wash of 50 articles an hour and a half sooner than it would take if she boiled them. And she didn't have to burn any fuel specially for the washing.

This no-boil Rinso method is winning thousands of new followers because of its saving in work, time and money.

This pretty wife was able to spare some of her own clothes coupons to help her husband buy a new suit. By washing the Rinso no-boil way she makes clothes last one-third longer than they normally would. So her coupons go one-third further, too!

RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN

R 3120-760-65 R. S. Hudson Limited

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 11, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

LIGHTS OUT

● **There will be no surrender to the "Lighten the Black-out" agitation. Whitehall is strongly opposed to any change.**

Not for the first time, JOHN BULL agrees with the Government.

Security reasons come first.

Remember that an ordinary street light can be seen for miles. Remember that a British city cannot be plunged into darkness at a twist of a switch—for in a city like London there are dozens of lighting systems, some gas, some electric.

Moreover, there is the need for fuel economy.

We cannot now afford to light our towns. The power is needed by war factories.

Instead, we should make further economies in fuel. Particularly in the home!

We have just got to save coal, gas, electricity.

All three are vital war materials. All three are being wasted by careless folk who do not seem to realise that there's a war on.

And probably most of us could economise just a bit more in their use.

Straight from the Shoulder

HERE IS OUR CHANCE

THIS is the time to take wise risks. This is the time to be gloriously prudent.

By taking risks we shall do more than help the Russians in their gravest hour.

We shall prudently prevent the Nazis from switching their bloated might against the East, against Africa, against this tiny island kingdom.

Not Enough

"On no account must Germany obtain anything like mastery of the air in Russia." Those plain words of Mr. Lees-Smith are not less powerful than the majestic oratory of Mr. Churchill.

We know now that there must be a canopy of 'planes before land operations can succeed on a vast scale.

We have sent a "wing" to Russia to prevent the Germans from establishing that canopy. We must send more.

Our Chance

The Prime Minister tells us that the enemy is now suffering "serious weakness" in the air.

Which means that the *Luftwaffe* is no match for the combined R.A.F.s.

Which means that our great chance has come.

Keep It Down!

The Royal Air Force must aid the Russian Air Force in keeping the *Luftwaffe* weak.

Not only by bombing German aircraft factories, railways and aerodromes. Not only by fighter "sweeps" over France. But by sending hundreds of fighters to the fighting front—Russia itself.

As one Conservative M.P.—Mr. Cary—has said: "We must go forward with the utmost boldness and take immense risks, not in six months'-time, but now."

Worth While

Mr. Churchill took an immense risk in sending an army to the Middle East last year.

What were the results? We smashed Mussolini's East African empire. We freed Abyssinia. We saved Egypt.

We took a smaller risk with Iraq. That enabled us to go on to Syria and Persia.

Faint-Hearted

We did not take a risk with Greece. Only 150 tanks were sent there. Four hundred men didn't even have rifles. We lost Greece.

The moral is a reminder of a childhood lesson: Do nothing unless you're prepared to do it well.

And we should add this: Be bold! Be quick!

Need for Speed

Boldness is needed in our air aid to the incredible Russians. It is also needed promptly.

Leningrad heroically fulfils the prediction made in these columns weeks ago. The central sector, too, is unyielding.

But the position in the south is still grave and may well become graver.

Beaverbrook's Promise

Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Harriman have promised Russia *all the help it wants.*

So we must increase our war production enormously.

How, then, can we afford to take skilled men away from production for the Army?

Key Men

If our production is to expand, we must *return* key men to the factories now that so many unskilled men and women are being taken on.

Mr. Churchill admits we cannot afford to make our Army bigger. We can only make it more efficient.

More Bombers!

We must also use every bomber we've got to hit Germany while her air force is weak.

For Germany has immense air production and will soon recover—if we let her do so.

So we must cripple her quickly. We must have a great spurt in our bomber factories, a great extension of our bombing operations.

Adolf's Ambition

Hitler is neither fool nor faint-heart. By taking shrewd risks he won all Europe.

He took his greatest risk in attacking Russia. He knew that if he won quickly he would win the greatest prize of all.

The Soviet Union has 125 times as much petroleum as Germany, five times as much grain, four times more livestock, twice as much copper.

Change of Front

Nazi war lords knew that if their air power could gain supremacy, they could reckon on breaking up the defending armies, crippling the government, disintegrating the people.

Well, they have not got air supremacy. But they have had the sense to change their plans promptly. So now they aim at a static front in Russia and conquest elsewhere.

Treachery from Vichy

For example, there is the Berlin-Madrid-Vichy Pact, which is supposed to be concerned with the "defence" of Dakar.

By it, Germany agrees to send more munitions, technicians and officers to Africa. Vichy will "lend" naval and air contingents. Spain will provide an army of Spanish and Moroccan troops.

Our Task

Note that Germany cannot send an army there—just yet. Her armies as well as her air force are fully extended in Russia and throughout Europe—at present.

Britains' job is to see that she is not able to withdraw them from Russia for "other purposes."

He's Careful

General Auchinleck is using the Middle East R.A.F. to batter Libya and Sicily.

In other words, he is making meticulous preparations for a winter campaign. He is being as thorough as the Nazis themselves.

That is the spirit we want.

Mighty Force

Another large part of the R.A.F. must be kept for the defence of Britain.

But, after these needs have been satisfied, the R.A.F. is yet strong enough to have large forces to spare.

Take a risk! Send them all to Russia! Let their cannon and multi machine-guns rip the Nazi winter plans to shreds!

Eighteen Millions

That would be our best assurance of victory.

Germany had an army of seven million men. She has lost two millions in three months.

By foreign slave labour in her factories she may release another two million Germans to make good that loss.

Yet the Russian potential is eighteen million men!

Work and Fight!

Lots of them are not equipped yet. Britain must work like blazes to equip them.

Should we not also fight like blazes to keep the Russian equipment factories from falling into Nazi hands?

Punch Drunk

Americans suggest that, because the Italians are punch-drunk, we should now invade Italy.

JOHN BULL's view is that we should have attacked Italy when it was convulsed by riots last January.

Now our main effort should be against Germany.

Stab-and-Run

Bomb Germany with all our strength! Use our Army to embarrass her!

We are not yet strong enough to invade Europe. But we are strong enough for stab-and-run raids.

They would help Russia, embarrass Hitler, pin down his forces, lift up the hearts of his hapless serfs.

Canteen Mystery

At the same time we must improve our war production. To encourage this, heavy workers are promised more rations through their canteens.

It would also be wise to see that the canteens are built.

For millions of workers have no canteens available.

Now For It!

Here, then, should be our winter programme: Speed up the factories; give our workers a square deal and a square meal; use the R.A.F. to its uttermost; set the Army to work; make Initiative the keyword of our war strategy.

We are big enough for that.

(Continued overleaf)

CAN YOU BEAT IT?

● **Bob Stevens is a second mate in the Merchant Navy. When ashore, he lives in a cottage at Redlynch, near Salisbury.**

And he's probably the most surprised man to-day either ashore or afloat.

At dawn one day his ship was steaming through a calm sea. "Raider," signalled the look-out, and the crew hurried to "Action Stations."

A dive-bomber roared down, missed twice, soared up and down again to drop another stick of bombs. Again he missed.

As he flattened out to climb, the anti-aircraft gun chattered, the bomber faltered and crashed.

A boat was put out. Bob helped to lift out the dying pilot. The German opened his eyes, looked at him.

Then he said: "I remember—goodbye," as he died.

He was Bob's schooldays friend, "Squarehead" as the boys called him—and, says Bob, one of the decent Prussians.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

"FOR various strong reasons" eight fit inspectors of the N.S.P.C.C. have been released from the Forces to resume their jobs.

We don't belittle their important work.

But there are "various strong reasons" why the Forces should release thousands of men who could be doing ten times more to beat Hitler if they shed their uniforms.

And *those* reasons are disregarded.

Black Outlook

Refusing the release of miners from the Army, Captain Margesson suggests that the pits don't need them—quotes the Minister of Mines.

We quote public utility companies that are getting alarmed at the depletion of their coal reserves, housewives who can't get coal at all.

Two months of winter should prove that these two Ministers are talking nonsense.

Let Crops Rot!

There's the owner of a one-man farm in the Army who has "various strong reasons."

He has a crooked spine, a defective index finger. He got 21 days' leave to lift his 1½ acres of potatoes and garner his two acres of barley, and to thresh his corn.

Applying for a few more days to harvest his other crops, he has been refused.

Women Can Do This

We've detailed hundreds of cases of skilled engineers, miners, farmers, etc., who shouldn't be in the Army at all.

But the answer to all such complaints is that the Army must have men.

As it must, of course.

But let them be men the country can spare—like the hundreds of young fellows of military age who are reserved "for the duration" to act as telephonists in Observer Corps centres, work any woman could do.

Not for Tommy

Could the Army do with a dentist who has the highest degrees and qualifications available, and a list of patients that reads like Debrett?

He burns to help his country, but all they'll let him do is to keep filling in forms which are promptly pigeonholed.

Because he is sixty years of age, the authorities do not want him. Yearning to devote his best skill to Tommy Atkins, he must remain the favourite dentist of Lord This and Lady That.

Wasted Zeal

Every hour of every day we get letters from people of fifty-five years of age and more "anxious to have a go at Hitler."

They are not all as eminent as the old reader of JOHN BULL whom we refer to above. But they write us intelligent, forceful letters.

All complaining that although they rushed out with whoops of joy when they heard Mr. Bevin's appeals to elderly people to register, they were soon being told "Sorry, too old," by exchanges and employers.

Why the Delay!

Although we read Parliamentary Reports fairly assiduously, it escaped us that the Army has been authorised to pay tobacco allowance (a few tens of thousands of tobacco allowances, in fact) to the Postmaster-General.

The Post Office is telling all its old employees in the Forces to whom it pays part-salaries: "You owe those tobacco allowances to us."

What is more, it is claiming 12 months arrears. One lad facing the guns out East (and who really needed those fags) has been told to fork out ten pounds.

Result: Hardship

The point made by the Post Office is that it represents an increase in Service pay, and that it should therefore be deductable from the balance of civil pay.

If that is so, why has it taken the Post Office 12 months to find out?

Official dilatoriness is imposing chronic hardship on workers who have served the Post Office well.

Catching 'Em Out

Some months ago a JOHN BULL representative was let into some of the secrets as to how the R.A.F. choose their "targets for to-night."

With a wink and a chuckle an official displayed letter headings on which German firms had printed aerial views of their factories.

"They're a great help," he said. "A free gift from Jerry."

"Please Bomb Here!"

So this is to inform the powers-that-be that an important British shipbuilding and engineering firm is putting out a really delightful letterhead.

With a map of the district in one corner. And bridge, river, town hall and station clearly indicated.

And the site of the works indicated with an arrow!

Atishoo!

Loud sneezes at an R.A.F. station. Bad cold about, apparently.

Then—gas drill. More than 150 men had to share a few respirators, and there wasn't even a disinfected rag available to give the things a wipe.

There should be louder and more numerous sneezes by now.

Let Mother Know

Talk of health reminds us of Lord Woolton.

He really *does* try to see that the youngsters get the best of everything that's going.

One of his weaknesses, however, is in putting too much faith in feeding the children through the schools.

Schools are apt to let them down.

Besides, mother wants to know what they are getting.

Food-hunting Marathons

You may have to send a little girl of five more than three miles to school in Hertfordshire, which is on London's doorstep. Cross-country, at that.

If you don't want her to go to a denominational school, to the religious teachings of which you might object, she will probably have to go a few miles farther.

Why should bad weather, which keeps her away from school, keep her away from food?

Fats with Facts!

Says Lord Woolton: "I want to see the foods most suitable to children fed directly to them, mostly through schools."

Sick children most need body-building foods.

And sick children cannot go miles through driving rain to get it with their arithmetic.

We're Not Carping!

But don't mistake criticism for condemnation.

We don't know any job more difficult or thankless than feeding our 40,000,000.

Ask your own wife or mother. Women don't get enough credit for the job (not so easy in war time) of properly feeding *four*.

Boy Who Died

We must think of our sailors before we think of our stomachs.

A South Shields mother, life-long reader of JOHN BULL, proudly sent her fourteen-year-old laddie to sea last February.

He was torpedoed, gave his life for *you*, on his first trip.

Since when not one penny, not one word of sympathy; just questions about—her marriage certificate.

Lesser Sacrifices

She writes to us bitterly about callous people—as if anybody could be quite as callous as that!

But no. Her hurt comes from fools. This matter must be put right.

But we are left with the thought: "That fine boy was only fourteen—and there are reasonably well-fed people grumbling about their food!"

Storks Go By Tram!

And there are motorists who grumble about this month's cut in petrol allowance.

We hear from a South Norwood midwife who, applying for sufficient petrol to do her job properly, was told by an official singularly ignorant of the mysteries of childbirth: "But you must learn to economise in petrol in the national interest."

The idiot. It meant waiting for a slow tram. It meant a suffering mother. It meant a handicapped child.

They Call It Farming!

Colleagues in Fleet Street have told us that JOHN BULL readers provide the best of all readers'-letter features.

But there was a letter in the *Bolton Evening News* we coveted.

It was from a land girl who had worked on five different farms in twelve months—and was still waiting to do a real job of farming.

Solving Servant Problem

One "farm" to which she was sent consisted of a large country hall with a few hens.

Her job was brushing carpets, lighting fires, attending to central heating, pampering pet dogs, and the whole gamut of domestic work.

She wrote lots more like that: stuff that should set the hierarchy of the Women's Land Army Movement rushing into the countryside for a real good clean-up.

Tell Your Wife!

Would you care to stab "that man" with knitting-needles?

On page 15 you can learn about JOHN BULL'S great new book offer: "Knitting For All, Illustrated."

Three hundred and twenty pages: 70,000 words; 400 how-to-do-it photographs—and goodness knows how many clothing coupons saved!

It's one way of beating the tyrant!

Behind the News

● **Severe shock to Nazis at most critical Leningrad phase was appearance in large numbers of one of Russia's most secret 'planes—the 2-motor Y.A.K.-4 light bomber. It proved devastating and Nazis had no idea of its existence.**

● Complete details of the Y.A.K.-4 have been given to Britain, and our experts report that it is not inferior to anything in its class in any Air Force in the world.

● *Within twenty-four hours of Killer Heydrich's arrival in Prague he realised that many of the "big fish" thought to be safely in Gestapo net had slipped out.*

● **In their search for hide-outs of patriotic leaders all over Europe, Gestapo are also realising that many of their own chiefs have either been crooked in their work or have been duped and financially stung by "alien fools."**

● British warning to Finland not to move beyond her Russian frontier and the offer of advantages if separate peace is made have hit Nazi Baltic intrigues hard. Finnish opinion is now split, and Nazis dare not transfer large troop concentrations urgently needed elsewhere.

● *Vichy has given up hope of holding back French Somaliland public opinion in favour of De Gaulle and admit likelihood of early breakaway. To save his face Darlan is blaming British blockade of Jibuti, but French people are well aware of actual facts.*

● **New Nazi trick to keep the war chest full is to dissolve without notice companies which have built up strong reserves but are now affected by the war. Stockholders are given doubtful scrip while real assets go to the war account. Estimated £40,000,000 have been stolen in this way.**

● *While Hitler's terror tactics in Poland have failed, free Polish forces in Russia and Allied countries are growing very strong. More than 500,000 are under arms, and some nervous Nazi leaders are advising conciliation in Poland on a big scale just "in case."*

● Some surprises are awaiting the Nazis when and if they attack Turkey. Nazi munitions which have been palmed off on the Turks were discovered to have been deliberately rendered "dud" by the German makers. These have now been replaced by the best British supplies, especially anti-tank and anti-aircraft guns.

● *The Dutch Nazi Party have reported failure to win over the people. Their leaders recommended to the Nazis that concentration camp methods be introduced. Instead the leaders themselves have been threatened with that punishment if they cannot show better results.*

OUR MISSING "G.O.C."

BY-ELECTION straws in a win-the-war wind are bound to confirm its general direction, but of late they have also marked an important eddy of public opinion.

The fact is that even Mr. Churchill's official blessing of a Government candidate is no longer certain to damn the chances of an independent.

True, no Churchill man has yet been defeated, but, one after another, they are being returned with decreased majorities, and the so-called "anti-Government" vote looks likely to grow stronger still in forthcoming contests.

What is the reason for this?

The political truce still holds, and the personal reputation of the Premier stands as high as ever. Moreover, the voter's sole concern nowadays is to choose between the rival claims of candidates who profess an equal determination to work for victory.

There is no such thing as a "Ginger Group," because, to misquote an old chorus, "all the public is shouting: 'Ginger!'" all the time.

So are the Cabinet Ministers and Opposition leaders.

If, therefore, the Independents are gaining votes—as they certainly are—it can only be because the country does not think there is enough ginger in the Government *as a team*.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By the Editor

Nor does JOHN BULL. We grant that individual Ministers are trying to do their best. We can see spurts in this direction and in that. But we know there is something missing on the Home Front.

What? Nothing less than a "G.O.C." Within a few months of the outbreak of war we stressed the national need for a central authority, wielding power in domestic matters comparable to that which the Nazis had given to Goering.

We returned to this attack again and again, and last December we warned the Premier that no one man is physically capable of directing the nation's war effort in every field.

JOHN BULL urged him, in fact, to appoint a G.O.C., Home Front.

When, instead of accepting this suggestion after it had gained much support in Press and Parliament, the Premier decided to set up a Production Committee, we were content to judge this experiment by its results.

They have been disappointing. The scramble for priorities continues and inter-departmental rivalries have not abated. Obviously the Production Executive lacks real power.

The demands of industry and the Armed Forces are frequently in conflict, and the willing effort of the people is still hampered by Red Tape and overlapping authorities.

THIS state of affairs, bad enough in itself, has been aggravated of late by frayed nerves and hasty tempers. We blame nobody in particular, but we deplore the system which is almost bound to result in friction.

Production is less than it should be for many reasons, but JOHN BULL attaches little importance to the peevish charges of slack work by the men on the one hand or slack management by the employers on the other.

There are, obviously, faults on both sides, just as there are, no less obviously, arguments for and against the Service demand upon skilled labour, which industry tends to resist.

One thing, however, that the whole country needs to realise is that we cannot afford to waste time in vain disputes. There must be no curb put upon constructive criticism, but all personal quarrels and private feuds are a dead loss.

And the truth is that we shall continue to have these unless and until we can contrive some unified control of Labour, Transport, Agriculture, Supplies, Health Services and, indeed, every Home activity that forms an essential part of the national war effort.

Let us take on illustration of a general need.

There has been sharp controversy in regard to the retention with the Colours of miners, builders, farm labourers and other key workers, all of whom are badly wanted in industry.

The Premier has made it clear that, in his view, these trained men ought not to be released from the Services, and, furthermore, that as our highly mechanised forces are built up so the demand for technicians must increase.

But surely what matters here is not so much the recall to industry of a relatively small number of men already in uniform as the sharp definition of a policy for the future.

Somebody must decide sooner or later which Service or which vital war industry is to be given priority in man-power.

It is plainly stupid to leave this decision in the hands of individual Ministers, each of whom must naturally seek to retain the manpower he particularly happens to be interested in.

So it is with supplies, and so with transport. In every domestic sphere the crying need is for the missing "G.O.C., Home Front," to co-ordinate their efforts and fairly distribute the available material and power among them all.

Mr. Churchill, dismissing the suggestion that he should appoint a Second-in-Command, said with needless irony that if a "super-man" could be found for the post he would be delighted to meet him.

AND why not?

The country has accepted the Premier himself as a sort of "super-man": it trusts him implicitly with the conduct of the war's wider strategy; it is anxious only to relieve him of burdens which he has no time to carry.

And JOHN BULL suggests that Mr. Churchill could find a man capable of taking over the Home Front command under his direction.

We certainly think the term "super-man" is invariably misleading.

What is needed is not only a man, but a plan.

It is painfully clear that there should be more hard thinking in the direction of our war effort. There should indeed be a Brains Trust in the strategy of our supplies.

The war changes swiftly. The Government acts slowly. It is always behind in anticipating Hitler's next move.

It is now faced by immense problems—the need to equip Russia quickly, the expansion of the R.A.F., the 100 per cent. mechanisation of our armies.

Note that all three are really Home Front problems, for all concern our factories.

To get them solved quickly, there must be a man in charge. A man with wide vision, a contempt for red tape, and with power to act drastically and immediately.

He may well be one of Mr. Churchill's War Cabinet.

Whoever he is, he should be given full authority to end the muddle and mess.

The glaring fact remains that, under the existing system, work is being delayed, personal initiative thwarted and output impeded by multiple control of different departments which all ought to be working for one end.

There is a valorous and eager army on the Home Front, but its headquarters staff is all at sixes and sevens. Give it a G.O.C. and then we can look forward with confidence to great advances and resounding victories

LEST WE FORGET—IV

Himmler (right) talks to General von Bock

The Gravedigger of Nazism

WHO would describe Heinrich Himmler, Chief of the dreaded *Gestapo*, Leader of the ruthless Nazi S.S. Black Guards, as a failure?

I do. I maintain that he will prove to be the gravedigger of Nazism.

We have ample reports about the results of eight years of terror in Germany.

While British workers rally voluntarily to produce more tanks and 'planes the German workers are being pushed and driven towards exhaustion. Himmler's whip is producing the same exhaustion which resulted in revolution in the last war.

★ ★ ★

When the day comes on which German armies can no longer advance and Germany herself faces a terrific onslaught, do you really think that the German labour slaves will defend to the death their "right" to work fourteen hours a day?

No! If German morale cracks, as most experts believe it will, Himmler will be responsible.

But let us look at Himmler, the police expert. Is the *Gestapo* really so efficient?

Remember, please, how the *Gestapo* bungled the Reichstag fire. Not a single person inside or outside Germany believed their story as they produced it in court when they brought a Dutch half-wit to trial for this crime which Goering himself had organised.

Himmler's chief task is to guard Hitler's life. But he has nearly failed to protect Hitler on more than one occasion.

Hitler's chauffeur Schreck was killed during one of the attempts on Hitler's life which Himmler could not prevent. The bullet missed Hitler by inches.

★ ★ ★

No explanation has been given for the bomb attack on Hitler in the Munich beerhouse in November, 1939. The instigator of this attempt has never been found; has never been brought to trial.

Thousands of Germans are listening to British and Russian broadcasts. So Himmler cannot succeed in his second and very important task—to prevent Germans from hearing the truth.

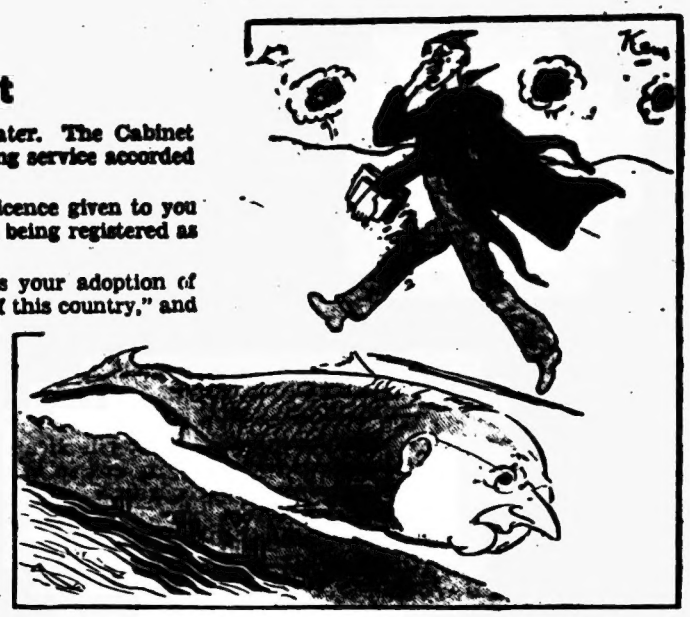
A disillusioned, tired and exhausted Germany, mounting opposition, widespread criticism, Nazi Europe seething with revolt—that is the sum total of Himmler's achievements.

Himmler has established himself as the gravedigger of freedom and democracy. He has virtually dug the graves of thousands of his victims. But their spirits are alive. They will rise from their graves to drive Himmler out. He will be the gravedigger of Nazism.

WILLI FRISCHAUER

OPEN LETTERS

Dr. FRANK BUCHMAN, Founder Oxford Group Movement



DEAR REVIVALIST,—You must feel like a fish out of water. The Cabinet refuses your young "teachers" the exemption from fighting service accorded to other student-clergy.

Fifty M.P.s demand that the Board of Trade revoke the licence given to you and your associates under the Companies Act—your movement being registered as a company.

And now A. P. Herbert, who, as an Oxford M.P., regards your adoption of "Oxford" as an impertinence, dubs you as "not a true friend of this country," and places his reasons in a sealed envelope.

What a big change from the days just before the war when the Archbishop of Canterbury and leaders of many different Churches blessed your work, and it looked as if half "Who's Who" was going to join the movement.

Well, you've brought it on yourself, you know!

In two years of war you've never said one word against Nazism or its leaders. Not one word to praise, encourage or help our effort to purge the world of an unclean thing.

By your silence on these matters one judges you don't see a pin of difference between our millions of young St. Georges and the Huns who kill defenceless people and just love doing so.

You've had three years to deny that you said to Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, M.P., regarding one of the worst murderers since Nero: "You ought to know Heinrich Himmler. He's a great lad!"

You've had longer in which to deny saying in an interview: "I thank Heaven for a man like Adolf Hitler!"

You tell us now that you don't dabble in politics. But remember how you crusaded against Communism!

Don't tell us now that you can't condemn Nazism and Fascism because you don't dabble in politics.

You think wars will cease and the world be put to rights when a hundred million people listen to God.

There ARE a hundred million people listening to God—but they don't include enough Germans.

A word of advice. Thank Heaven for Mr. Churchill, for a change. And for Russian and British boys who hold the front against something no less political than Communism, and totally lacking in ideals.

Go and preach your two chief tenets to Adolf Hitler—the two about "if you have stolen anything, go and give it back" and "if you have told a lie, go and tell the truth."

He has stolen half a Continent. He has lied Europe into the defencelessness in which he can best murder and plunder its helpless millions.

That done, bishops might bless your work again, and the suspicions of decent people slow to suspect might be removed.—JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM E. ROOTES, Second-in-Command, Supply Ministry

DEAR SIR,—Strange things have happened in one of our six biggest and most famous armament factories while Lord Beaverbrook, your boss, has been in Moscow telling our gallant ally that all aid is coming.

Notices are posted saying that in future working hours for day and night shifts will total 47 a week.

Do the workers cheer? Thank heaven they don't. They seethe. Their Shop Stewards' Committee is summoned. That committee writes to JOHN BULL asking: "Is this the way to defeat Fascism?"

We replied "No!" And we tell you even more emphatically: "It isn't!" and suggest you should try banging a few directorial heads together.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, Air Minister

DEAR SIR ARCHIBALD,—Britain wants air-minded sons. That is why the Air Training Corps has been formed.

These boys may one day be to us what the "Saturday afternoon pilots" were in 1938—and we know that they lived to fight the Battle of Britain.

Yet how do we treat these young cadets?

Before they can sample a flight, their fathers must sign a form making clear that the R.A.F. won't pay a penny-piece in respect of death or injury arising from an accident—in fact, making the parents responsible for any third-party claim.

It is mean, Sir Archibald. And it is very, very unwise.—JOHN BULL.

Field-Marshal Sir PHILIP CHETWODE, Red Cross and St. John War Organisation

DEAR FIELD-MARSHAL,—I congratulate your wonderful organisation on offering £250,000 for the immediate needs of the Russian Red Cross.

British wage-earners, who have already contributed £1,000,000 in pennies through the Penny-a-Week Fund, will know that a widow's mite of every penny they contributed has gone to succour a brave ally.

That knowledge should help you to your immediate objective of 12,000,000 workmen contributors, whose penny a head per week would give the fund a handsome income of £50,000 a week.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ANDREW DUNCAN, President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—I hear of retailers who are indulging in disreputable clothing-coupon snatching.

The Red Cross, which refunds to people the coupons they "spend" on relatives imprisoned in German camps, finds that shopkeepers have exacted one, two, or even more coupons too many in an alarming number of cases.

Other firms are refusing to return coupons when an article is exchanged—demand additional coupons on the second article.

What about a few prosecutions?—JOHN BULL.

CLERKS to LOCAL COUNCILS, Everywhere

SIRS,—You have been doing some really noble war work recently.

You have compelled scores of rent racketeers to disgorge. You have taught hundreds more that they can't charge what they like for a place by supplying a few sticks and calling it furnished.

But I wish you could make it more widely known among the poor bled-white victims of the war-rent thugs that, if they called on their local Clerk to the Council, they would probably find him one of the best friends of their lives.

Too few people know where to get relief from one of the worst terrors of the war—rent profiteering.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Certain munitions firms, **although short of labour, are refusing to engage coloured girls desperate to help along Britain's victory.**

You'll hate that detestable race prejudice, I know. So set about 'em!—JOHN BULL.

TOM SEXTON, M.P., Barnard Castle

DEAR SIR,—Your question in the House about soldiers who were used as "beaters" on a Stanhope Moor grouse shoot apparently caused a few headaches at the War Office.

War Minister Margesson knew that it wasn't a good enough excuse to say that they were employed by officers.

That's why he explained that they couldn't have been more profitably employed helping local farmers, because it isn't an agricultural district.

You must have smiled at that, for you know different. And you have lived there for donkey's years.—JOHN BULL.

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P., Ministry of Home Security

DEAR MISS WILKINSON,—It is all very well for you to boot Coventry Corporation for lagging in the building of air raid shelters but—

Do you realise that the Corporation has been refused labour for the work by the local exchange, the London exchanges, and the Ministry of Works and Buildings?

Magic wands don't *really* exist, you know.—JOHN BULL.

DIRECTORS, London Passenger Transport Board

SIRS,—I read that scientists with test tubes are working out how you can run your 'buses on a minimum of petrol.

Excellent. But you may not know that a 'bus running at from two to four miles an hour simply drinks juice.

And that is the speed drivers are compelled to travel at because they find themselves ahead of schedule.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT

The Power of the Spoken Word

By PALLAS

THE argument in the club had become somewhat heated. We had been discussing words, the value of words, the construction of sentences, syntax, and someone said that words, phraseology, didn't matter so long as the speaker conveyed what was in his mind.

For using a word—a word not commonly used—I was accused of being an intellectual snob.

If I merit that description because I love the English language and, still more, love to hear a speaker who makes full use of its majesty, its grandeur and its beauty, then I accept the term as a compliment.

Is there a greater force in the whole world of propaganda than the sincerity and grandeur of the voice of Winston Churchill? Here is a man who knows the value of words, who dwells on them lovingly and who, by their use, arouses in his listeners new endeavour and fresh resolution.

He has already coined phrases which will go down in history. Generations to come will read of his exhortation to the people of Britain and his vibrant promise of "blood, sweat, toil and tears."

* * *

Without his love of English, without his profound knowledge of the language Winston Churchill could never have inspired and unified the nation as he did.

He summed up the gratitude of the people to the R.A.F. in another immortal phrase—and the debt that so many owe to so few.

"Idle words, servants to shallow fools," wrote Shakespeare, little knowing that centuries later a battle of words was to play a big part in the most terrible conflict mankind has ever faced.

Words, sentences, phrases from great orators have swayed the hearts and minds of men, have been written on the imperishable scrolls of history. They have made wars and have ended the threat of wars. They have inspired men and women to martyrdom. They have convinced the hesitant, spurred on the timid and comforted the weak.

* * *

Great causes have produced great phrases. We think of Abraham Lincoln in the words: "... and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

There was the fine Asquithian utterance at the Guildhall in November, 1914. "We shall never sheathe the sword which we have not lightly drawn . . until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed."

And in these days when evil shadows dim the radiance of liberty, and the mind of man is stunned by the enormity of the issues involved in this terrible war, let us recall with hope and gratitude what, in my opinion, is the greatest speech of its kind—Patrick Henry's address to the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1775.

This American said: "Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

Words, not so idle words.

And They Say Jews Never Forgive!

BIG TALES OF THE LITTLE MAN II

Here's another glimpse of the grand deeds behind the War for which there are no medals

By FRANK S. STUART

"THEY say Jews never forgive!" The man who spoke was a burly, elderly Scot. Opposite him across the table sat an unmistakable Jew, heavy, perhaps ten years younger than the other, obviously opulent, starkly confident.

Too old for the Ring, but with just that face that you see on the Jewish sparring-partners in the greatest boxing camps of the world. A fighter's face.

"I told you I would break you!" the Jew answered softly. "Twenty-three years ago."

Twenty-three years ago the Scot had sat in that very same chair. The young Jew, as he was then, stood before him.

The Jew had fought his way upwards from operative to foreman in the steel works of the rising firm of Ogdens.

Young Mr. Ogden, already beginning to make his name in the trade, was a rough customer with a rough tongue. He had called the Jew everything he could think of—and then some.

For there had been trouble about an order—bad trouble that was very serious to a young firm with powerful rivals. And the trouble had been traced down to the Jew's machines.

"Take Yourself Off!"

"And now," Ogden concluded, "you can get out of my factory. And if I have any say in it, you may as well get out of the town. I'll see no one else here gives you a job."

"But I tell you, Mr. Ogden, it's a frame-up against me," the Jew answered fiercely. "What I tell you, there's been persecution, because they don't like a Jew here. . . ."

Ogden broke in with a curse. "Nor do I," he shouted. "Take yourself off before I get my hands on you!"

The young Jew stood there snarling. "*You* get your hands on me! *You* order me out of the town! I tell you I'll stay in this town if I starve for it. I'll start in against you, and I'll stay till I've busted you flat. You see? Till I buy up Ogdens and bust you flat."

That was twenty-three years before.

In the interval, Ogdens had become a firm to reckon with. The words "and Son" had been added, and the one factory had become many.

The Jew vanished beneath the roaring surface of the city's life for four years after his dismissal. Then he bought up a ruined factory, and everyone laughed.

The factory was put in order, and Samuels came into the steel trade.

The story of their rise is more thrilling than any Penny Dreadful. Samuels nearly killed himself with work, and yet thrived on it. He took amazing risks and brought them off.

Presently it became clear that Samuels and Ogden and Son were rivals for identical branches of the trade.

If Ogdens brought out a new line Samuels had one similar but cheaper.

If Ogdens ran an advertising campaign, or staged a big display anywhere in the Empire, Samuels were there, with young, pushing men and the latest ideas and models.

The pre-war slump had hit Ogden and Son very hard. For them, the war came at the wrong time. They struggled on, doomed but dogged.

Samuels always seemed to have the luck. They fought for and won customer after customer from the older, failing firm.

One morning, there came a crop of rumours about the Midlands cities.

With the ruins of the factory around them, the lifelong enemies signed the draft of a partnership deed

Ogdens were going down. There was talk of bankruptcy.

That was the morning when Mr. Samuels called on them, and, for the first time for twenty-three years, re-entered the office out of which he had been thrust as a young man in disgrace.

Old Ogden and his son were both there.

"I said I'd buy you up, Ogden," Samuels said easily. "When last we met. You remember, eh? Well, well—that was a long time ago! I have come to talk prices. I can't offer you very much."

Not in any Hurry

Then it was that old Ogden, bowed with disaster, muttered: "They say Jews never forgive!"

There was nothing decided at that meeting. The price Samuels offered, Ogden would not accept. Samuels shrugged and extended his big hands.

"Of course, *I* am not in any hurry," he said. "In a month's time, perhaps. . . ."

After he had gone the two Ogdens talked wearily over the hopelessness of their case. A month's time! Where would they be in a week's time . . . three days' time?

Rumours surged about them. People stared at them.

Old Ogden was sensitive about it. He would not go home in daylight. He said he would shake down in his big office for the night.

His son stayed, too; he would not leave his father in such a state.

The city noises outside slowly died down. It grew late. The sirens sounded, but no one thought much of that. They often did.

The gunfire rose to a wild, spasmodic growling and shaking.

Then came the first bomb.

It fell not far from Ogdens. As the noise of flak increased violently, a stick of bombs came down across the factory.

The windows of the room where the owners were blew in with a smash, the ceiling collapsed all over them, plaster and rubbish smashed at them, the lights went out, but the ruined, gaping room was immediately illuminated by a red glow.

They heard men shouting, heard fire crackling, smelt smoke and the stinging fumes of explosives, and heard the clanging hiss of water from fire-engines.

The Old Superman

Both Ogdens were unwounded, though the old man was terribly bruised. Climbing and fighting among the smothering, slippery rubble, they dug a way out.

Old Ogden came to life, and became, for some hours, the superman the Midlands remembered of old.

He directed his sturdy factory fire-fighters.

He tore out tottering beams, clambered through raging fires, directed demolitions, hauled one man out of a death-trap under a collapsing wall, performed miracles of strength and daring and took risks that no man who saw that thick, grey-haired figure that night will ever forget.

Wardens, workmen, firemen, everyone fought like demons.

Twice it seemed as if they would succeed.

The first time fire-bombs rained down, starting a score of fresh blazes.

The second time a wall collapsed unexpectedly and fed a fresh mountain of flame.

When dawn came the two Ogdens stood surveying the ruins. More than half of what they owned had been burned to the ground. The rest was sooted, sodden, damaged . . . it looked almost worse than that which had been utterly destroyed.

With the rough, deep kindness of the Midlands, men almost dragged the old owner away, and forced food and drink on him.

The stupendous energy and strength that had inspired him and them all in the night of struggle had gone out of him. He looked broken, hopeless, and very old.

He would not wash or tidy his burned, blackened clothes. After a few mouthfuls, that seemed to choke him, he trailed off back to the ruins.

He stood alone there in what had been his office, framed in jagged and blackened beams, ankle-deep in filthy mud from the rubble and water, when he heard glass tinkling, and looked up beneath his thick grey eyebrows at the newcomer.

It was Samuels.

Men who were near held their breath.

"Good morning, Mr. Ogden!"

The old Scot made no answer, but his head sank down between his shoulders and his big jaw jutted out.

"I'm sorry about all this."

"You've come to withdraw your offer, I suppose?"

The Jew slowly shook his head.

"I want to offer you equal partnership—to combine our two firms on equal terms. We could do big business, you know, Mr. Ogden—very big business, eh?"

Ogden did not speak for a minute. He was getting a grip on himself.

"Is this the time to jeer at me?" he said at last, with a dignity that rose above the devastation of his setting and the dirty, tattered clothes a night of firefighting had made. "We're ruined, and you know it. What have we got to offer you for a partnership—now?"

"Your pluck!" Samuels answered. "And your friendship. Now, look here, Mr. Ogden. I talk business, don't I? You know me. You said yesterday that Jews never forgive.

The New Fight

"Now I've got a big fight on. My family is in Austria. You've forgotten that, of course. Long time since I told you anything about my family. Twenty-three years, eh?

"Well . . . I've heard that the Nazis there took my father off to Dachau. In the Concentration Camp. He was an old man. Then my mother was told to send money for a coffin. Like that, see! She wasn't let look inside. Might have been anyone in there. . . . I got a fight on now, see! This Hitler. The man that did *that*, see?"

He jerked a thumb at the smashed ruins of the mill. His face was very dark and suffused.

"Wait a minute—*wait* a minute!" he hurried on, before Ogden could speak. "You and I don't want to fight no more, Mr. Ogden. Not against each other. We get together—and fight this Hitler. Equal partnership—what do you say?"

With the ruins of the factory smouldering round them, the lifelong enemies signed the draft of a partnership deed.

The blitz that Hitler hoped would smash that city put these two hard fighters shoulder to shoulder against him.

Since then the combined firms are tackling huge orders.

The new fight is on.

NEXT WEEK: "The Lad They Couldn't Kill."

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HUMAN MACHINE

ALL YOU'VE GOT

● If you want to do something well, if you want to do anything well, you must give your whole mind to it.

You may think you do, but the odds are that you don't. There aren't many people who have learnt the art of giving their whole minds to whatever they do—which is why the top of the ladder is never overcrowded.

"One thing at a time, and that thing well," is no bad guide for anyone.

If you do more than one thing at a time (that is, if you think about anything except the thing you're actually doing at the moment) the job is bound to suffer in some way.

What is the remedy then?

The remedy for not giving all your mind to your job is to give it. That's all—and it is the only way.

You've got to learn to concentrate your whole mental and physical energy on the work in hand. You must train yourself to become blind and deaf to anything else while you're doing it.

You've got to make yourself believe that whatever you're doing is the most important thing in the world, and that to do it right is absolutely vital.

Hard to do?

At first, maybe, but you'll soon learn. Practice is the golden key to most things—so long as it is oiled with a bit of intelligence.

Go to it.

THE GATHERING TEM

No open rebellion YET, is the wise warning of leaders like Dr. Benes, Czech President, to the people in occupied countries—but silent underground sabotage is useful, will lay the trail to the right moment, and it is spreading rapidly

Says A. G. GARDINER

Heydrich, one of the most brutal of the Nazi thugs, may order wholesale murder but he won't crush the Czechs

HITLER has made a hell of Europe, but it is a hell in which he is doomed to perish. Already the flames of the invisible front with which he is enveloped are breaking out from Norway to Greece and from France to Poland, and all the savageries of his Gestapo are powerless to extinguish them.

The gravity of the conflagration is no longer concealed in Germany.

Even the rigidly controlled Nazi Press admits that sabotage is increasing so alarmingly from one end of Europe to the other as to be a serious menace to the whole German war scheme.

The spread of the revolt has been enormously stimulated since Hitler thrust his head into the Russian hornets' nest.

And this for two reasons.

While Britain was fighting alone against a power that had overrun all Europe the odds against her seemed hopeless.

BUT HITLER'S BLIND FOLLY AND THE MAGNIFICENT RESISTANCE OF RUSSIA HAVE CHANGED THE WHOLE OUTLOOK AND HAVE FANNED THE SMOULDERING EMBERS EVERYWHERE INTO FLAME.

The second reason is that Russia knows the underground world of Europe as well as, even better than, Germany does. It was from the Ogpu that the Gestapo learned its technique, and no one who reads that tremendous book "Out of the Night" will question the formidable unseen power which Hitler has so madly brought into the field against himself.

Evidence which leaks out through a multitude of sources shows that something like panic has seized the *geheimrats*, the dozen Gestapo departmental chiefs, who are responsible to Hitler for the suppression of sabotage throughout Axis-controlled Europe.

They know their fate if they fail. And they realise that the job has got out of hand.

IN RECENT MONTHS WHOLE ARMIES OF SILENT WRECKERS HAVE COME INTO EXISTENCE IN ALL THE OCCUPIED COUNTRIES AND INSIDE THE REICH ITSELF.

And by a thousand devices and through a multitude of subterranean channels all these forces have established a mysterious liaison that defies the Gestapo's efforts to defeat it.

At the one end is the stubborn, rock-like resistance in Norway and Holland which is breaking the morale of the German soldiery and reducing them to despair.

At the other is the guerilla war which 150,000 of the remnants of the Yugoslav army are waging in the mountains and on the rivers. Here women are sharing in the heroic struggle.

From Nazi reports which have been disclosed the fact emerges that since May the Yugoslavs have been concerned in the destruction of 318 bridges, the burning out of 562 munitions, oil and other supply dumps, and the wreckage of 23 trains.

More subtle, but not less deadly, is the patriot war in Czechoslovakia. The heroic deeds of that country form one of the most thrilling chapters of the last war, and to-day the nation is no less resolute and even better disciplined.

Through underground channels and a secret code it moves as one man in its obedience to its Government in London.

Even the Norwegians and the Dutch here, whose system of communications with their people at home is remarkably developed, admit that the Czechs are unsurpassed in this respect.

Nowhere is the Hitler tyranny more vulnerable, and it is here that the most devastating blows are being struck at his supply of armaments, his communications, his flour mills and granaries.

AND from every occupied country the tale of sabotage pours in to the panic-stricken *geheimrats*. Rail sabotage is a speciality of these silent wreckers of the night.

On the Nazis' own admissions, it is estimated that since the beginning of this year not less than 25,000 goods wagons (many laden with war material) and more than 3,000 locomotives have been deliberately wrecked in occupied territories.

In consequence the Nazis have been compelled to organise special gangs to patrol and test every mile of the 40,000-mile European system day and night.

The thousands of army lorries, forced on to civilian food transport owing to railway sabotage, are the ceaseless objectives of the wreckers.

Hundreds of wrecks are reported monthly, and of these the vast majority have been found to be due to steering wheel collapse at high speeds.

You can imagine how it is done. A dark night, a determined man, a thin, small hack-saw. And there is one more wreck by the roadside. One more headache for the *geheimrats*.

Arson in factories is widespread. It is said that there are more arson spotters in Axis-occupied countries than fire-watchers against R.A.F. incendiaries.

And still the fires burn, not only in Czechoslovakia, but even in Austria—even in Germany, where the "precision work" section at Krupps has not escaped.

IN Italy, of course, there is trouble. It is a commonplace there that the Royal Arsenal at Turin has suffered more from sabotage than from R.A.F. bombers, though the workers are searched to the skin before entering or leaving.

Sometimes the saboteurs are caught, but the work goes on. A few weeks ago 29 men were executed at Lyons in Vichy France, but none of them betrayed the cause for which they died.

And when one sabotage unit is destroyed another takes its place.

Against this impalpable foe that surrounds him on every side, Hitler wars ever more recklessly and wars in vain. The more he

SWAFFER LIFTS

WHO INVENTS THESE CRAZY FORMS?

● They obviously choose for the job of form-writing officials so experienced in circumlocution that they cannot possibly use one word where three or four will do.

That concerning fire-watchers, one of the newest of all, has already puzzled hundreds of thousands.

A man who seeks to claim exemption from compulsory fire-watching because he is already doing it has to read through, very carefully, nine long paragraphs, each of which has several pitfalls.

It could all have been put with a much greater simplicity—but that would not have pleased Officialdom.

As it is, millions of hours must have been wasted by men already worried by an embarrassment of duties.

Why, even the patients in the Royal Home for Incurables had to fill up a form claiming exemption from fire-watching! Many of them were too ill to sign a cross!

And one form, signed by the secretary, would have sufficed for the lot!

WHY SO SOFT WITH THE FASCISTS?

● Interned Fascists, the self-avowed enemies of Democracy, have made a mock of the Home Office and its namby-pamby system of internment.

Many of them behaved with the greatest brutality at public meetings in the past, encour-

PEST

ppeals to terror to save him the more the error that is working his destruction grows.

He puts Norway under martial law. He murders her trade union leaders and her eminent citizens.

He sends the blackguard Heydrich to terrorise the people into submission. But all that he has done is to feed the furnace of wrath that blazes in the heart of that indomitable nation.

nd so with Poland, so with Yugoslavia, so with Czechoslovakia, so with Greece, so with France, so with all the lands he has desolated and outraged.

The more innocent hostages he massacres the fiercer grows the passion of revenge, the more invincible and universal becomes the resolve that this horror shall be ended.

Every infamy he commits increases the zeal of those brave wreckers who all over Europe are sapping and mining his structure.

EVERY DAY INCREASES THE STRAIN ON HIS RESOURCES TO KEEP THE "CONQUERED" NATIONS IN IRONS. HIMMLER ASKS FOR 100,000 MORE MEN FOR HIS GESTAPO IN GERMANY ALONE.

Before he is done he will need millions to keep Europe enslaved. And even then he will fail.

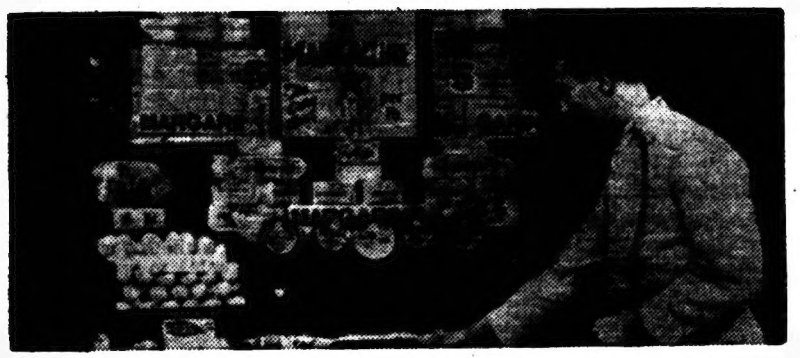
For, as Mr. Churchill reminded us last week, we are "no longer alone." We are no longer alone in a sense beyond that in which he spoke. We have mighty allies in the field of war who assure our ultimate victory.

But we have a still mightier ally in that invisible front, that gathering tempest of the nations that even now fills the *geheimrats* of Berlin with fear.

The soul of Europe is marching with us. Its flame will not be quenched until the abomination of Hitlerism is reduced to dust.

WHAT EVERY HOUSEWIFE WANTS TO KNOW

Here's a frank approach to a problem that is bothering most women who have the tough job of finding the food.



In some shops there is an abundance of the little extras that matter; in others scarcely any

Why You Can't Get Unrationed Food

By BARBARA AYRTON GOULD

LET the food follow the population.

There is no sense in having plenty of food in the country if the people who most need it cannot get it.

And there is plenty of food. Stocks and regular supplies have increased, and are increasing. The Prime Minister says so. Lord Woolton says so. It is true. I myself have seen vast stores in many areas.

But the people cannot get what they need.

What is the use of having record food reserves, or even vast quantities for sale, if a high percentage of the population can't get it?

I know that in some places you can get all the unrationed food that you want, and more—provided that you can pay for it. But the fact that those districts happen to be protected or evacuation areas, wher there are relatively few people to buy the goods, does not help the great mass of people who are herded together in industrial centres or reception areas.

Out-of-Date Figures

Everyone knows that it is impossible to live solely on rationed foods, and yet the Government refuses to take the necessary steps to ensure that other essential foodstuffs shal be distributed proportionately to the population.

I have recently toured the country, and I have found that the Food Ministry are still working on the 1939 population figures. What nonsense!

They call it the "datum line," and all ordinary provisioning is based on it without anyone at the Ministry of Food having, apparently, considered how it was going to affect the wretched consumers.

But if you send the 1939 proportion of food to a blitzed town from which, say, ten thousand inhabitants have been evacuated, and the 1939 supplies to a reception area which has doubled its population, what happens?

To the practical housewife the question seems just silly. She knows.

In some protected or heavily bombed places it is possible to get practically pre-war supplies of such foods as canned fruit and fish, dried fruits, biscuits, and so on.

In the reception areas, as everybody knows, all these things are most of the time unobtainable, even when you are registered for them.

Managers of stores have told me how they have been obliged to save up their consignments for weeks on end.

In a number of towns there has been a ration of one half pound of dried fruit for each household in nine or ten months, and no cereals at all this year.

Such short supplies cause a great deal of bad feeling as well as very serious catering difficulties.

Arousing Hostility

People who are not working, and can go early to the shops, are likely to get the pick of what there is.

Hostility is aroused between residents and evacuees, who have more time for marketing; and many of the older women, who have domestic responsibilities, are unable to undertake the war-work they would like to do because they could not feed their families if they went out to work.

The system also causes trouble between the different retailers in the same town, since supplies to individual shopkeepers are based on their 1939 orders.

Cut-price shops, which had an enormous turnover before the war, are still able to secure great quantities of many goods that legitimate trading concerns cannot get.

This causes resentment between the shoppers registered at different stores and annoys the shopkeepers, who, through no fault of their own, are unable to satisfy their customers.

Some popular establishments with branches in many different towns and central wholesale buying departments for all their shops, found the simple solution to this problem long ago, and got ahead of the Food Ministry. For months they have diverted their goods so that their foodstuffs are being sent where the people are.

Simple Solution

One of these, for instance, has had a number of its local stores bombed in towns from which large numbers of people have been evacuated.

I saw an order to the distributors of this firm which stated that all consignments of food previously sent to X (the blitzed town) should, until further orders, be sent to Y (a town in the heart of a reception area).

Much of the distribution problem is as simple as that. If private firms can do it, why not the Government with all its powers?

Lord Woolton says he cannot control the wholesalers' distribution of unrationed foods.

All right, let him adopt the only really scientific method of securing equitable distribution over the whole population and ration all essential foodstuffs, at the same time controlling the prices and distribution of the lot.

But if there is plenty of food (as there is), it seems crazy that some people should be able to get too much and so many get too little.

To bring it down to a homely example, what I mean is this: If the butter (or the margarine) has to be spread thinly, then at all events spread it fairly.

THE LID

ew-baiting and the wrecking of East End and insulted almost every one of our free tions.

, when put under restraint for reasons onal security, they have defied the autho- even going to the length of throwing s at guards, who had to stand by and it."

they have been better fed than many nds of colliers, seamen and factory workers whose labours our safety now depends! should be given, as a right, only the of rations. Anything extra should be the of good conduct. That would keep them order.

Hitler "friendly aliens" were incar- ated in Pentonville. Pro-Hitler Fascists were to luxury camps in an Isle of Man famed holiday resort!

t a parody of Justice!

IS SO MUCH "SALVAGE" STILL WASTED?

e British have for many years been the most wasteful of nations.

classes, even the poorest, have thrown day after day, food which French peasants into excellent soup, and which, even in expensive restaurants, was turned into dishes.

was cut into bits instead of being saved. by the ton, was thrown away or burned.

very department of the ordinary household there was habitual waste and extravagance. A few slogans could not, in a day, undo the habits of a lifetime.

Much has been done to remedy matters—but not enough.

One still sees litter on pavements, in gutters, down the Tubes and on railway platforms—cigarette cartons, tobacco tins, sweet wrappers, paper bags, matchboxes.

Larger receptacles at street corners, or on railway platforms, might induce them to stop throwing away valuable waste.

If after the war we can continue the economies forced upon us by war, we shall save countless millions a year.

IS JUVENILE DELINQUENCY BEING TACKLED?

● I am afraid I do not see eye to eye with many over juvenile delinquency. It is an inevitable accompaniment of war, during which parents are over-busy and teaching difficult.

But, we must face up to the fact that a "good" boy seldom makes the best citizen. In many cases he develops into a prig or a self-righteous humbug.

Hearing, in the Mayor's parlour at Blackpool a few weeks ago, woeful words about the wickedness of modern children, I protested.

"Let us be honest," I said. "You and I, all of us, including those two parsons, have, I will swear, stolen when we were boys and committed, indeed, all the crimes of which you now accuse the kids of to-day.

"Nelson robbed an orchard. So did I, several times. To-day, I am a very honest person.

"And I will bet that nearly every one of our bishops was very naughty when he was a boy."

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

MEAT LEFT TO ROT!

Every carcase of meat is precious. To allow any to rot is criminal

Trading on a Mother's Pride

A SWINDLE in war babies—that's the latest racket!

Canvassers, who pretend that they are organising children's competitions and offer prizes for the healthiest and bonniest according to age, are calling upon housewives for entrance fees.

Many people have been victimised in South-East towns, so tell the police all about it if you are visited.

★ ★ ★

BE on your guard against talkative strangers who call as representatives of non-existent concerns with headquarters in Liverpool, Manchester or London.

They tell you they are dealing in first-class, second-hand clothes, and, after showing you samples and extracting a deposit of £1 or so, promise to send the goods along within a day or two.

★ ★ ★

RECENTLY I have advised housewives not to buy food substitutes without first inquiring about their real value. Now I have a new hint for small shopkeepers.

Mushroom firms are operating from temporary addresses and advertising saccharine, sugar and fruit essences at remarkably cheap prices. Their object is to obtain cash deposits by post in return for which they send mere rubbish or—just nothing at all.

★ ★ ★

I DID not want to refer again so soon to Leslie Archibald Spikesman, but he is up to a completely new dodge which might easily hoodwink unsophisticated people.

Offering his usual "homework" literature, his latest move is to append a "Personal" note in which he gives the names of half a dozen clients who have received money through his system.

Do not let this eyewash deceive you.

★ ★ ★

FINALLY, a special word for the proprietors of provincial hotels and boarding-houses. A well-dressed woman, who falsely describes herself as an agent of the Canadian firm Brown, Montgomery and McMichael, or as the daughter of famous doctors, barristers and clergymen, is obtaining money by worthless cheques and other means.

THE wanton waste of food going on to-day has reached appalling proportions.

And official bungling is responsible for much of it.

Last week, while his wife was standing in a queue trying to get some unrationed food, her lorry-driver husband was driving round London in an official van filled with meat that was refused by every depot to which he had been ordered to take it.

The meat had been loaded in his lorry at a dockside wharf three and a half days before. He had been duly supplied with a consignment note to drive it to a storage establishment in Berkshire. He did so, but the manager there regretted that he had no accommodation available. "I've a glut already," he said

Back to the Docks

Telephonic instructions were sought. Another destination was named. The driver proceeded to it, but once more was told to take it somewhere else. So for three days and a half he went from place to place and finally left the lorry, unloaded, at the dockside where he had first picked it up.

Stories like that, incredible though they may seem to you and me, are common among the men who have to handle our food supplies. Is it to be wondered at that there has lately been a large increase in condemned foods?

Inspector H. Tyler, of Bath Health Committee, recently condemned 20 tons of meat. The reason? Because it had become unsound during the time it had spent in transit.

Everyone appreciates the fact that there are great transport difficulties to overcome in these times, but surely there is no real necessity why fish took five days recently to reach Bath from the North of England, and other perishable foodstuffs eight days from Liverpool to the same city?

Some 780 cwt. of food, vegetables and fruit were condemned by food inspectors in Glasgow in three recent months. In the same period Glasgow port officials condemned 4,400 tons of other foods.

During the June quarter fish market inspectors there condemned 200 cwt. of fresh and cured fish, fowl and game, while in the meat market 436 carcases were totally condemned and 662 partially, in addition to what is officially referred to as "a great variety of individual cuts."

Figures cannot lie, and those I am quoting are taken from officially recorded statistics.

Over 6,000 cwt. of food, including a large proportion of meat, fish and butter, were condemned in Manchester during a period of three short months.

In a Wiltshire town 163 cwt. of beef and mutton was thrown away, rotten, in one single week.

Many of the causes of this shocking waste of such essential food are inexcusable, particularly when we remember that some of it is brought 3,000 miles across the seas by brave men who face great risks and land it here in perfect condition.

Some of the Food Ministry's divisional warehouses receive supplies by weekly quotas. Food is often delivered to them in an unfit condition because it has been ruined in long railway journeys or through being left about in open trucks that are inadequately protected against bad weather.

Investigators' reports show that large quantities of food which were perfect when originally stored are constantly to be found in stacks waiting to be turned into pig-meal.

Tremendous Losses

Out of one and a half truckloads emptied the other day at a big Home Counties warehouse 40 one-hundredweight sacks of cereals were at once put aside as not fit for human consumption.

Canned milk, burst through rusting; pearl barley, mashy and discoloured through lack of protection; rice, oats, tapioca—all regularly find their place in the tremendous losses which, to a great extent, are quite preventable.

In a certain dock a 7,000-ton liner lies to-day. Although her back is injured, she is high and dry, and has changed little since she ran aground some months ago.

On board was a general cargo and 4,000 tons of fresh and canned meat. But for weeks no endeavour was made to salvage her valuable cargo, and tins soon rusted. In the end the waste was too bad even to be used for glycerine extraction.

Thus a cargo worth about £400,000 was lost!

Can you understand how indignant I feel when facts like these are placed before me?

I can sense, in advance, what the wives of the men-in-the-street will say when they read them, too.

Something, most certainly, must be done about it—and done quickly.

WHY BOTHER TO TRAIN THEM?

HAS the Ministry of Labour scheme for training war-workers proved a failure?

There are many complaints from men and women that instead of being trained they have been compelled to waste time.

A London reader who volunteered for training at a London centre has been shocked by the "idleness, don't-care spirit, inefficiency and red tape" he found.

"Many of us were there for 16 weeks. We spent about 11 weeks of this period doing nothing and learning less," he declares.

"We protested against this idleness time and time again, but it made no difference."

★ ★ ★

One of these men, at the end of his course, was being paid £3 15s. a week.

He was offered a job at £3 16s. a week at a town fifty miles from his home. This meant leaving his wife and children, or taking them with him.

When he pointed out that a local firm would employ him, he was told that nothing could be done about it.

That sort of crazy organisation is typical.

Other men complain that, after being trained as fitters, draughtsmen and so on, the employment exchange coolly tells them there are no vacancies in those trades and offers them labouring jobs.

★ ★ ★

Others protest that when given jobs in war factories they have little or nothing to do.

How many trainees have passed through the centres is not known.

How many of them have been placed in jobs is also not known.

The Ministry of Labour has no figures to offer.

But the fact remains that each trainee costs the country £200, and there is a growing fear that more public money is being wasted on a scheme which looked a success—on paper!

When the scheme was launched, it was suggested that it would recruit 50,000 men a year to the war factories.

JOHN BULL challenges Whitehall to prove that this fond hope has been realised.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. S. Nathan, Leamington Villas, London, W.11, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. Information he sent me has proved most useful.

I am pleased to hear from readers about any subject worth inquiry or comment. Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Charity Funds Won't Benefit

EVEN in times of peace it was a notorious fact that no adequate laws existed to enable the authorities to curb the operations of lottery organisers with enterprises run under charitable guises.

Since the war the position has become steadily worse, and the most blatant case I have lately come across is run ostensibly in aid of the Red Cross Fund by a man operating from an address in Kent.

This man, or one of his agents, stopped a lad in an East End (London) street a few weeks ago and asked him if he would like to win a nice prize by helping this famous charity.

★ ★ ★

He handed the young fellow a number of small cards headed "SURE PAY Football Card. WIN £10 for 1d. All profits given to the RED CROSS FUND."

A letter of authority to sell the cards was also given to him, but is really only a stereotyped circular bearing no name or address. This states, among other things, that "The Sports Committee of the Red Cross will present you with any of the following Gifts for each 20s. obtained."

The Gifts include Watches, Lighters, Sets of Carvers, Cigarette Cases, and Chrome Clocks.

All the lad had to do was to dispose of the cards by whatever means he chose, and post the money off in an envelope also supplied by a specified date.

Quite properly the lad brought the matter to my notice, and, apart from the whole thing being, to my mind, illegal, I find that the Sports Committee of the Red Cross Society would never have consented to money being raised in its name in this extraordinary manner.

★ ★ ★

Although weeks have passed since the tickets were handed over, the promoter has made no inquiry as to whether any have been sold or what has happened to any sums collected!

The Secretary of the Sports Committee agrees with me that the widest warning should be given to unauthorised schemes of this type. While doing so gladly, I am content to leave this particular appeal to the Red Cross authorities to tackle.

Voice of the Troops

★ *If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Services letters will be returned. Address to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

WE'VE got letters this week from ice-clad peaks in the Arctic, from deserts where rain is unknown.

And yet one of the most delightful comes from a slumbering little Welsh village.

Leading Aircraftman Jones (927605 R.A.F.) writes it to a friend—and incidentally answers the question many readers are asking: whether we want Home Service letters:

I've just had the greatest surprise of my life when trying to hitch a lift from the station to my home for a few hours' leave.

Cars had been passing me by, and I was feeling a little disappointed at my failure to stop one when I saw another chance coming—in the shape of a very big vehicle.

I gave the well-known signal, and the car stopped. Just as the door opened for me to enter, I saw, to my horror, that I had stopped the Royal car!

I was utterly amazed and confused—but there was nothing to be done about it. I was asked to get in—and found myself seated with the Queen Mother and the Duchess of Beaufort, her Lady-in-Waiting.

I cannot tell you how freely the Queen Mother talked to me during that journey—what job I did in the Service, what leave I had got, how long I had been in the R.A.F., and so on.

Hearing that I had to catch a train, and that time was short, she showed great concern at the possibility of my missing it and my leave being shortened.

Thanks to her Majesty's instructions, I caught the train with exactly three minutes to spare—absolutely at my ease, because I never imagined anyone could so quickly make anyone feel completely at home.—Leading Aircraftman R. C. Jones, R.A.F.

★ ★ ★

THE SHEIK OF ARABY!

Not so much at ease was Driver H. A. Claridge, R.A.S.C., now in the Middle East, when invited to have tea with a sheik! He writes home:

There were two of us, with six Arabs—and the sheik. By the way, the word is pronounced "shek," sounding the "e" as you do in egg.

We all sat on rugs and blankets on the floor of the sheik's tent.

One of the Arabs brought in a copper tray with eight small glasses and a small teapot. Then, on his next journey, he brought in a bowl with a wood fire blazing in it.

The sheik poured water on the tea-leaves and then let the concoction get hot over the wood fire.

Next, he blew violently on the fire, by dint of which he filled the tent with choking smoke.

After that, he poured a few spots of the tea into the glasses, sampled them all, poured the whole lot back, and finally added loads of sugar.

This process was repeated several times, sugar being added indiscriminately, and the different glasses being sampled until we finally got our tea.

No milk, huge quantities of sugar, and such a taste! I went there to be refreshed, but this stuff made me feel thirsty. And all the time the Arabs were solemnly shaking hands.—Driver Claridge (107749), R.A.S.C.

★ ★ ★

GERMANS—TRUE TO TYPE

And now, from Iceland, comes a thrilling account of a fight between Germans and Britons. The Germans naturally saw that they were in the biggest numbers before starting their particularly offensive offensive.

Mrs. Fishwick, of Tonge Moor Road, Bolton, Lancs, got the full story in a letter from her merchant navy son:

Four of the German civilians still left in Iceland despite our occupation found themselves sitting next to two British soldiers.

One of the Jerries suddenly leapt up with the cry "Deutschland über alles," and aimed a vicious blow at the back of the head of one of the Tommies.

It was a filthy trick, for the British soldier was a veteran of the last war, and a smallish fellow, too. What is more, he was taken completely by surprise. He was "out" before he could do anything.

But his mate, a tall, broad, tough fellow, could use his fists as well as any man I ever saw. He sent that German across the floor amid a shower of broken glass with one mighty swipe.

A little later the big soldier undertook to do a trick with two tins of sardines. While he was engaged, all the Germans set about the little fellow again, in one big rush.

His pal saw what was happening, shot across the floor, landed three terrific wallops on the Germans without being touched himself, and dragged his pal out before the Icelandic police arrived.

When they did reach the spot they found one unconscious German, whom they had to move to the hospital.—Gunlayer, R. F.

★ ★ ★

SHOCK FOR THE CROCS!

The boys are certainly having some remarkable adventures. More (very often) than they bargained for!

Mrs. Chappell, of Birmingham, has received a letter from her brother-in-law, Fred, who went to sea as a ship's gunner, but never expected to become a big game hunter!

Half our cargo is sugar, and we loaded up in the river at ——, near where there is a lot of jungle.

There are so many man-eating crocodiles on the river banks that the natives spend half their lives in fear of them.

So the owner of the sugar plantation told the skipper how he could do the local populace a good turn. Would he bring the ship's gunners ashore and let them bump off a few of the crocs?

I tell you, I fairly jumped at the chance. We ran out the company launch and took a look at the wicked devils. Then we let 'em have it.

I thought I'd need some new shorts when I took a first look at their gaping jaws. But I can tell you, I shot nine of them in three hours—not bad work.—Fred (name and address withheld).

★ ★ ★

B.B.C. CALLING

But the sailor son of Mrs. E. O'Brien, of Herbert Road, Shoeburyness, got an even bigger surprise when far out of sight of land—and many thousands of miles from home. He writes:

I'm so pleased to tell you that I got the message you sent me through the B.B.C. last Saturday.

I didn't exactly get it all, as I just happened to switch the set on for the last part of your message. Pretty lucky, eh?

All I got was: "Love from mother and Olive and Doris." It happened to fade a bit then, and I missed the next. Then: "Best wishes from Dad and Den, and we all hope that you'll be back soon."

Fortunately the officer that did the rounds heard the whole message. He came to me and asked me whether it was my message, and then he gave me the lot.

I can't tell you how happy I am you did all that for me. After 16 months away, it seems to draw me nearer home.—A. G. O'Brien (A.B., JX167418), on Far Eastern service.

★ ★ ★

IT'S A GREAT NAVY—

On the great Rock of Gibraltar a father sits dreaming of his wife and three "Chinas"—he has no other name for his babies—way back at Albion Terrace, Misterton, Doncaster. He draws a picture of the scene:

I sit dreaming near the lighthouse overlooking the Mediterranean. Picture me in nothing but shorts and plimsols, cooled by a grand breeze from a sea of gold through which H.M. Navy passes and repasses on ceaseless patrol. It is a great, untiring Navy, dear.

Ceuta, in French Morocco, stands out clearly to the left. I can distinguish also the famous Spanish military zone of Tangiers. And here I sit, fancying you are all with me.—Sapper H. E. Horton, R.E.s.

★ ★ ★

AND A GREAT COUNTRY!

And we are thinking that a German censor got a lesson in REAL *patriotism (as distinct from the dragooning German type) from one letter he has passed. It is to Mrs. Warren, Longton Road, Nr. Blackley, Manchester, 9, from a brother who lost a leg and is a prisoner in Germany:*

Tell mother not to send me any more parcels. I am not a Boy Scout. I want all that when I come home again to be with you. Until then, it's photographs that I would like best.

And tell them all to keep their chins up and to keep working and smiling and doing what they can for that little country you live in. *It's worth it.* And so good-night, and may God bless you all.—Albert.

★ ★ ★

TABLE MANNERS

Edna Wigley, of Bradshaw Street, Heywood, Lancs, is only eleven, but big enough to have a big soldier brother in India who knows just the sort of news she wants:

What should come along but an elephant. So we dropped monkey-nuts down his throat in showers, all with the shell on. We held out a bunch of unpeeled bananas, and they went down intact in one big gulp, and the mouth opened for more.

A small boy stopped eating his orange to laugh at all this, not knowing that a monkey was climbing down a tree with a wicked eye on his right hand. Then, suddenly snap!—away went the orange and it ceased to be a joke.

Tiny deer as big as dogs that can run at twenty miles an hour on tiny feet and wee, thin legs, and are oh! so frightened. Little humming birds. White cockatoos bigger than crows. Goldfish a foot long. My, what fun you would have here!—Big Brother Tom, 3715564, K.O.R.R.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

AND now our readers reflect News and Views on the Home Front.

If Lord Woolton would find out how many thousands of tomato plants have been *prematurely* turned out of greenhouses to make room for flowers he would be astounded.—A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

Patriotically, I volunteered to go to a Government training centre, took an aircraft fitter's course, passed all trade tests, became fully qualified for aircraft work—and was then sent to *a private garage*!—T. R., Gleneagle Avenue, Leicester.

★ ★ ★

Board of Trade instruction that loose clothing coupons can be used for postal shopping isn't as silly as it sounds. You have to put name and address on back, and people who have acquired them illegally jib at that.—Miss Grey, Queen's Drive, Ealing, W.

★ ★ ★

My wife found a war job to suit her, only wanted a green card, but was sent home three times by the local exchange for more and more information—none of any apparent importance.—S. J. Watson, Broad Street, Salford.

★ ★ ★

Women who complain of the "monotony" of life should imitate their Russian sisters, who, even in the loneliest country districts, are too busy helping to win the war to feel bored.—Mrs. Gertrude A. Rogers, Patcham, Brighton.

★ ★ ★

Local family, including two young children, evacuated from here to posh West of England district, have been told cooking is only permitted once a week—"when the oven is lit."—W. Davis, Canvey Island, Essex.

★ ★ ★

As group-leader of a fire-watching party I find with regret that the lull in bombing is making people more and more lax as regards keeping sand and water handy, and providing means of access to attics.—W. R. Thistlewaite, Brook Road, Cricklewood, N.W.2.

★ ★ ★

I am one of 30 young men, keen, fit, who have been waiting at one R.A.F. station up to 14 months for the chance to get into an air crew, and still can't get a chance.—A/C2 S. W., Somewhere in England.

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY

THE CURE

By W. A. Sweeney

"Will you come up, then, for your first sitting to-morrow? Here's my studio address, in Bloomsbury. Come at ten o'clock, as 'Mr. Hyde.'" . . . Thus did Adrian sit to Whopston as 'Dr. Jekyll' and 'Mr. Hyde'

HERE is the tale of how Adrian Montmorency disappeared from the midst of the brethren.

From the bars in the Strand as far as the wilds where stand the far-flung cocktail establishments of Piccadilly and Leicester Square, even unto the fastnesses of Wardour Street, they still talk about it—if you buy them enough drink.

Adrian was of the fraternity who strut and fret. He was of those whose shibboleth is, "Simply couldn't stand the leading lady's airs, my boy, so I walked out."

Yes, he was of the socked-and-buskined ones, the shining army who find Purple Flash cigarettes do not injure the throat and are willing to sign their names to it; in a word, an actor, laddie.

Long before the beginning of the war Adrian went to Hollywood. It was never quite clear whether he was invited there or whether Hollywood had his greatness thrust upon it.

But while there he had played in a version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—one of the many film versions of that famous story, but a version which has never been seen in England.

Then he returned from Hollywood, and in the midst of his brethren at their favourite drinking pools at eventide he would plant his foot on the brass rail and, night after night, talk nothing but Hollywood and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

The others suffered horribly. The usual thing about how one told-off the producer, or manager, and had one's salary doubled in consequence—*that* they did not mind. To doubt a man while he was sticking to the regulation falsehoods was not etiquette.

But this inexhaustible hoseplay of information about fabulous salaries, this everlasting torrent of stuff about Hollywood. . . .

"Do you really mean to say you played lead in that particular 'Jekyll and Hyde' picture?" demanded Aubrey St. Salvador, with that unpleasantness in his voice which only an actor can convey when inquiring about another actor's prosperity.

"Certainly. It was shown all over the States. It hasn't reached here yet."

"Hasn't it?" muttered somebody at the back, nastily. "Every night, every blessed night for the past——"

"Why did you come home?"

"Oh, homesick," said Adrian. "And the war, of course, and all that. Had to see the old country again and the old faces. But there's nothing like Hollywood, my boy, for real money."

The company groaned in spirit and drank more beer.

Among the band that gathered nightly at the meeting-place of the motleyed ones were many artists and writers and the like, and they too had to listen to Adrian.

One of these, an artist, might have been observed silently studying Adrian Montmorency from the outskirts of the crowd, with an odd gleam in his eye, for a couple of nights, while Adrian talked on and on. Then he came up to him and said:

"Mr. Montmorency, I have an idea. I should like to do your portrait—in pastels."

"Very good of you, Whopston," said the inflated Adrian, calmly. "Delighted. I've a couple I'll show you some time done by a woman in Chicago who rather liked me on the screen. She's quite a star in her line, I believe."

WHOPSTON seemed to reflect. "But I don't mean an ordinary portrait, Mr. Montmorency."

"What do you mean, Buddy?"

"Character portraits. One of you as 'Dr. Jekyll' and another as 'Mr. Hyde.' Your two greatest rôles, I believe."

"That's an idea, laddie." Adrian seemed slightly excited. "There's certainly an idea in that, Whopston."

"Yes, I think so. Will you come up, then, for your first sitting to-morrow? Here's my studio address, in Bloomsbury. Come at 10 o'clock."

"In what part?"

"As 'Mr. Hyde,' first of all."

"O.K., boy, I'll be there. I'll bring the props and I'll make up in your place."

Thus did Adrian sit to Whopston as "Dr. Jekyll" and "Mr. Hyde." When the others in the temple of liquid solace heard what Whopston was doing they gathered round him and spoke thus:

"It is legitimate, we know," said they, "for a painter or a writer to poison his grandmother, even, to make money, acquire publicity, or enhance his professional reputation.

"But don't you think that to pander to that fellow's vanity in this manner is something in the nature of a serious crime? His head is already swelled to the dimensions of a barrage balloon."

"I fail to understand you," replied Mr. Whopston, coldly. "I'm going to make a lot of money out of those pictures."

Then came the evening when Adrian announced to the brethren that the portraits would be on view on the 15th, so Whopston had told him.

He had not seen the finished works, for in each case, after the first necessary posing, Whopston had dismissed him to finish them off alone. So he was bursting to view them.

He buttonholed the artist before the 15th.

"Where exactly, old man, are you showing the jolly old likenesses? I might pop along and have a look at them, if I can find the time."

"Oh, do. I should like your opinion."

"And where can one lamp the works of art on the great day, laddie? At your studio?"

"No," said Whopston, slowly. "The address is 5, Brookham Street, Hampstead. Take it down."

"There'll be something of a party, I dare say, at your exhibition?"

"Oh, there are always a good many people round there," said the artist carelessly. "Don't forget to come along, anyway."

ADRIAN popped along. He would have breasted raging rivers, leapt earthquake chasms, crawled over hundreds of delayed action bombs to see those pictures of himself.

He knew the kind of society that frequented artists' exhibitions. Smart women, he reflected, probably some people of title. A spot of publicity, he mused, would do him no harm, for there would be newspaper men there for certain.

He imagined the gossip paragraph: 'Mr. Adrian Montmorency, the celebrated actor and cinema star, is the original of the remarkable pastel drawings 'Dr. Jekyll' and 'Mr. Hyde.'"

As he alighted at Hampstead his step was light and gay, and never you saw a man who looked so cheerfully at the day.

Number 5, Brookham Street, he found, however, was a shop. Moreover, it was a shop that man never enters except when forced by some fell, upheaving circumstance, for it was a ladies' lingerie shop.

But perhaps Whopston's exhibition was above the shop.

"Mr. Whopston?" said Adrian, entering and endeavouring to flash the girl one of his famous screen smiles.

"You want to see the manager?"

"No, Mr. Whopston. Isn't he here—I mean is he not upstairs?"

"Nobody's upstairs," replied the damsel, eyeing the actor with mild curiosity. "There must be some mistake."

"This is No. 5, isn't it?"

She agreed.

"There is—ah—no other No. 5?"

"No, no other No. 5," sighed the maiden.

"Ah," Adrian paused. "Ah. Er—thank you," and he retired gracefully from the social scene.

OUTSIDE, he glanced about him with annoyance. Why the deuce didn't that artist fellow give him proper instructions about the dashed exhibition?

And then, with a jerk, he stopped in his tracks. His mouth fell open and the blood suffused his face, while his eyes seemed to emerge slowly from their sockets.

There before him were the portraits of "Dr. Jekyll" and "Mr. Hyde." There was "Mr. Hyde," wrinkled, with fearful, evil, scowling face, a face in which there was no place for one fair thought.

Matted hair clung round his cadaverous jaws, and fingers, fashioned like a vulture's talons, plucked at the lapel of his coat.

And there was "Dr. Jekyll," handsome, prepossessing, with the clear eye of the honest man.

The "portraits" were perched high for all the world to see, for they were pasted up on a hoarding opposite the lingerie shop. Across the top ran the legend:

LASHER'S LIVER PILL SAVERS

Underneath the picture of "Hyde," in all his repulsiveness, was printed, in smaller type, "*Before Taking*," and at the other end of the hoarding, below the debonair "Dr. Jekyll," ran the beautiful, consoling message to mankind: "*After Taking*."

And that's the story of how Adrian Montmorency vanished from the midst of the brethren and was lost.

GREATEST OF THESE

● For nine years Robert Baxter served in the Royal Scots Regiment.

He was invalided from the Services after terrible suffering and the loss of his left leg above the knee.

Last March he had further trouble, which resulted in the loss of his right leg.

He lives with a widowed mother of sixty-eight, his three brothers still serving in His Majesty's Forces.

Handicapped by the loss of both legs, his immediate need is a hand-propelled chair to enable him to get out.

We are sure we can rely on our readers to assist this very unfortunate man. Donations earmarked "Legless," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

These Long, Dark Nights!

Many people are wondering how they can avoid the boredom of winter nights in the black-out. Here are some suggestions for solving the problem and at the same time adding to one's list of accomplishments

By HUMANIST

NOW that the long dark evenings are upon us again a number of readers have raised the question about how best to spend them.

A great many, of course, are busy with war duties—ambulance workers, canteen workers, shelter marshals, auxiliary firemen, wardens, fire-watchers, to say nothing of the army of women who knit comforts for the troops.

But these duties do not take up the whole of every evening. There is still a wide margin of spare time for many of us.

I don't want merely to kill time (*writes a young woman*). **I should like to do something positive and intelligent—something which is worth while. Films and dances are all right for relaxation, but I want something to make me feel that I have not wasted the winter in light amusement.**

You have already warned us about the dangers of boredom. I entirely agree. I was never more bored than last winter in spite of all the excitements of air raids. I did my bit when occasions arose and shall do so again. But I want to avoid those empty dragging hours when there was nothing doing.

There are plenty of things this young woman can do, but she must decide in which direction she wants to go. She has not hinted anything about her tastes.

If she is a musician she might learn a new instrument. She may have latent gifts for one of the arts or crafts—painting, pottery, modelling, wood-carving, book-binding, embroidery.

Reading in itself will keep thousands of people sane and happy. If the right sort of book is chosen, reading becomes a sort of intellectual adventure. One fine book is often more important than shelves full of second-rate stuff.

No one need be dull or lonely if he is within reach of these silent friends.

This reminds me that I have received a problem about reading from a young man of thirty who has been rejected from the Services.

I have just been having a heated argument with a pal (*he says*), **and we want to know what you think about the subject. I happened to mention that I had started reading a famous classic, but that it failed to catch my interest. Consequently I gave it up and turned to another which had a stronger appeal.**

Now my pal says that this is cowardice. He makes a point of finishing every book that he begins, whether he enjoys it or not. He thinks it his duty to do this.

My argument is that there are so many great books in the world that no one can read more than a fraction of them. If a particular book seems boring—probably because I am not a highbrow—I see no reason for struggling with it.

One can admire the man who sticks at a classic, even against his inclinations, because he knows that there must be something great in it which will repay the effort. But I don't think courage or cowardice is involved either way.

And frankly, if I felt no enthusiasm for Law's "Serious Call" or "The Koran" I should not flog myself right through to the end for fear of feeling myself a coward. It is no more unreasonable to leave a book than to leave a meal which gives no pleasure to the palate.

HERE is an entirely different problem which has reached me recently:

My brother has two children (*writes a man*). **The mother adores the son, and he worships the daughter. But what a tragedy lies ahead for them! The son is fast becoming a milksop and a namby-pamby; the daughter is developing into an athletic type of woman.**

My sister-in-law centres her whole life on the boy, encourages him to dream and to read books. The girl follows her Dad to golf, hockey, rowing, swimming, etc.

It is natural for a young boy to cling to his mother and for a young girl to idolise her father; but this phase should not last too long or there will be "fixations" which will handicap them throughout life.

The parents should endeavour to make the young people more independent.

The father and mother should study the conduct of parent birds. When the young things are able to fly they are encouraged to escape from the nest and fend for themselves.

Where there is an unnatural reluctance to go they are often pitched out for their own good!

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

PROOF

THE World has now the proof of what the German Rule implies, it has all the facts outlined in blood before its open eyes, it has no doubts at all that the goal the Nazis seek is to crush out every human right in those both strong and weak.

THE World has now the proof of the long-planned Dark Campaign, in which Hitler meant to mark his path with all those he has slain, it has seen the plight of children driven as a Living Shield before the Hun so that he might make men of courage yield.

THE World has now the proof that no matter how much it takes, it must rid mankind of Nazi Power though civilisation shakes. It has seen soul-degradation diabolically deployed, NOW THE WORLD MUST SEE THAT NAZIDOM IS UTTERLY DESTROYED. Never in Man's Life must such Evil again preside. But to prove this to the World what countless souls have bled and died!

J. M.

These British troops can go 100 miles for a scrap—and then get back by nightfall.

WE HAVE THE WORLD'S BEST MOTOR-CYCLE TROOPS

Says Maurice Fagence

THREE fields away a motor-cyclist is roaring cross-country towards me.

Every five yards or so his machine bounces into the air.

Yet he handles it more confidently than I could on the Newmarket road.

He races towards a muddy one-in-two down slope that must surely bring him down.

But, no; a few steadying flicks with his feet and that obstacle is conquered.

His eye takes in the fact that there is a thick hedge between him and me, with no gap, no gate.

For a second he rolls himself into the semblance of a hedgehog. There is a crash of sticks, and he has ridden through it!

Next he approaches a ridge that traverses the whole field. There is no going round it, and I know, as an old motor-cyclist, that his crankcase would never clear it.

A bounce in the saddle at the right moment makes his machine buck its way over—and he keeps on keeping on.

No, he's no highly paid trick-rider.

He's just an ordinary British Army motor-cyclist.

And he's doing things that every Army motor-cyclist has to do.

Don't You Believe It!

Now, the Germans have over-romanticised their own S.S. motor-cyclists.

Even British people, reading how these troops are the first to enter conquered towns, how they rush along miles ahead of main armies, are apt to regard them as a crowd of supermen.

So they may as well be reminded here and now that we have the best motor-cycle troops in the world.

The Germans met our Army teams in competition before the war, and they know!

Few people realise how important the motor-cycle has become in this war of movement, and how well the British Army is equipped in this respect.

To begin with, every officer in the British Army up to the rank of Brigadier has to know how to ride. Just ride—not do 50-ft. long-jumps like our best despatch-riders.

And brigadiers and upward have to know how to pillion-ride.

Big Range of Action

Our motor-cycle battalions (of which I must tell little) have a degree of mobility that would astound infantrymen of the last war.

In the severest weather their platoons can go fifty miles, do a job of work, and return.

In favourable weather, with each combination carrying a crew of three, their range is twice as great.

They carry their own fitters, who can do roadside repairs that many repair garages would consider tough nuts to crack.

Whatever their speed, however far they go afield, they are in continuous communication with the main army throughout.

Many of our best civiljan trials enthusiasts have gone to "Signals" as despatch-riders.

Others (under an excellent scheme organised by the editor of the *Motor-Cycle*) have joined a corps of civilian expert riders who are transforming soldiers with a keenness for motor-cycling into real cross-country experts.

The Army expects them to rough-ride through the night in gas-masks, ford through surging rivers, toboggan down slippery slopes on which the average man couldn't stand, and plunge cheerfully across any kind of country.

They must know how to crash through hedges. And if a locked five-barred gate stands between them and the job they have to do, they must know how to crash through that, too—without injury to their machines.

The motor-cyclist is the last resort when telephone, telegraph, mail and every other means of communication have broken down.

Then, when a rider is given a message, he knows that he has got to get through.

And one day, when you read the full story of the retreat on Dunkirk, you will realise that nothing but death or serious injury stops them.

You see our despatch-riders when they are doing routine work. Perhaps you think, as you see them dashing down country roads, what a much nicer life it is than "ordinary soldiering."

But, routine work or not, it is no fun.

All messages too urgent to go by post, and too long to go by telegraph, are carried by these riders with the hideous crash-helmets and the smart blue-and-white armlets.

They maintain a nation-wide service which moves with the regularity of a train service.

Each run is a hard one. The margin of time they are allowed for eventualities can be measured in minutes.

They Must Get Through

They can defy civilian speed limits when furnished with special permits, which only a few high officers can furnish, and then only in cases of extreme urgency.

And they must get through somehow with their machines intact, just as they do in their more thrilling rides on the actual battlefront.

So when next you see an Army despatch-rider, know him for what he is—a man whose part in the scheme of fast-moving warfare is every bit as thrilling and dangerous as those of guerillas and parachutists.

And know him to be every bit as good as his much-publicised German counterpart.

Our crack riders were actually in Germany competing with the S.S. riders just before war broke out.

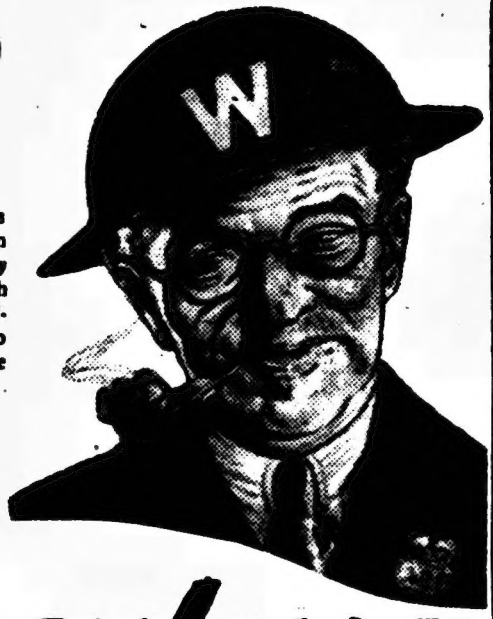
The Germans, knowing that there is always something to learn from our men, tried to persuade them that if war broke out they would be given a safe conduct back to Britain.

But we weren't risking so valuable a collection of experts.

Quietly, they slipped out of Germany—and home.

MEN OF *COOL* COURAGE . . .

FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL



Cool alertness brings reward in content when 'All's clear'. Men enjoy these moments with Bondman's restful *coolness* and fragrance. So will you—from the first pipe!

LLOYDS'

Bondman

TOBACCO

RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/7 per oz.
EMPIRE BLEND . . . . 1/6½ per oz.

IN 1 OZ. VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.1

"Cinders for your breakfast" says FIREBOMB FRITZ

"Not while we stand guard" says BRITAIN'S FIRE GUARD

The Nazi fire bomb, left to do its dirty work, can burn us to starvation. But not if Britain's Fire Guard is ready.

Fire Guard duty may mean hours of waiting—maybe for nothing. It may mean minutes of violent excitement, maybe danger. But *every* fire bomb that falls where it can do harm — (not *nearly every fire bomb*) must be put out. So we practise in our hours of waiting to be always ready.

FIRE GUARD TIPS.
No. 8. *If you have to break into a house, smash a lower window. It's quicker than breaking down the door.*

BRITAIN SHALL NOT BURN!

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF HOME SECURITY

THE LAST LAUGH

SANDY (Rutherglen). — "When charity is needed, I'm always the first to put my hand in my pocket." Keeping it there until the danger is over?

E. R. (Colchester).—"Do the enclosed verses lack fire?" Not now.

D. R. (Huntingdon).—"The girl I intend marrying is rather plain, but she is a really wonderful swimmer." Lucky chap. She'll know how to keep her mouth shut.

F. H. (Lee).—"I am not one of those who think that money talks." Have you ever tried telephoning from a call-box without twopence?

C. F. (Ealing).—"It is reported that a big-game hunter shot five elephants in less than three hours in Mozambique." Another outlet for rumours about Goering's fate.

B. J. (Purley).—"Doesn't the war between Germany and Russia remind you of a contest between two heavyweight boxers?" No; because they keep on fighting.

Miss Y. (Luton).—"I bet he wouldn't have kissed me if my mother had been there." Is she as attractive as all that?

Mrs. W. (Epping).—"My husband says my cakes make him tired. Why, he hardly ever eats them." Perhaps he means just lifting them.

G. N. (Baldock).—"I find it very difficult to get hold of any decent cigarettes these days." Have you tried using the thumb and first finger?

F. L. (Welwyn).—"Why are the ripest blackberries always just out of reach?" Because that's the only chance they have of becoming the ripest.

R. F. (Stanmore).—"Betting, of course, is a means of getting something for nothing." Experience teaches us that it is usually a method of getting nothing for something.

M. B. (Watford).—"Once or twice I have had to make a decision that seemed likely to be a matter of life or death to me." Ah a football referee.

F. L. (Buralem).—"Of course you may think my letters are boring." Thanks very much, but we did that before we had your permission.

F. M. (Mortlake).—"You'll never guess what my husband brought home after a whole day's fishing." Empty bottles?

N. E. (Shrewsbury). — "My brother-in-law has been staying with us for nearly three months. I don't like the fellow, but I suppose I shall have to give him something for his birthday next week." What about his ticket back home?

W. B. (Heckmondwike).—"On the stage, coloured water is nearly always used for whisky." We don't suppose the actors care very much. One can hardly detect the difference nowadays.

Mrs. S. (Leominster).—"I threw a hot iron at my husband last week." Why on earth did you heat it?

Mrs. B. (Northampton).—"We are often told that women have the last word, but there are exceptions." Yes, the women who never get to the last word.

BUILDER (Epping). — "If small holes appear in your walls, suspect dry-rot." Or it may be that the occupants of the adjoining flat have bought a dart-board.

H. J. (Dorking).—"How did your potato crop turn out this summer?" Splendid. Some were as big as marbles, others as big as peas, and, of course, there were quite a lot of little ones.

H. O. (Barry).—"When my two girls sang a duet everybody clapped their hands." Over their ears?

G. W. (Manchester).—"I can do as I like in my own house, although I am a married man." You are not, of course, the only husband who has evacuated his wife to a place in the country.

F. M. (Crewe).—"Hitler admits that he has had his eye on the East Coast of England for some considerable time." But not his feet.

G. N. (Swindon).—"The fault with one famous comedian is that he is inclined to be inaudible." This is particularly annoying for fellow comedians in the stalls with their note-books.

W. G. (Radnor).—"It is my experience that the modern girl wants a lot." Yes, and very often a house built on it.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"We paralysed 'em at Beirut, old boy!"

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side Slips."

HENDON AND FINCHLEY TIMES:—"The bride's PRESENTS gave a reception at ——— Hall."

SCARBOROUGH EVENING NEWS:—"Natural unpainted grace in complexion and general PHYSIC. . . ."

MIDLAND DAILY TRIBUNE:—"Three youths were each sentenced to five months' IMPROVEMENT with hard labour."

WHARFEDALE AND AIREDALE OBSERVER:—"Owing to the difficulty of members attending meetings due to National Service calls and night SHIFTS. . . ."

TOTTENHAM HERALD:—"A. B. L———, SUB-POSTMASTER of ———, was sent to prison for six months."

DAILY GUARDIAN:—"He had a good character and was working as a farm SENTENCE."

Result of "BULLETS" 1,291

FIRST PRIZE £50.

G. W. Hollen, Gathorne, Seaham, Northumberland.
Example: TO CHOKE THE AGGRESSOR
Bullet: AMERICA'S "ENOUGH!" BECAME "ENOUGH!"

£20: H. J. Philcock, 96, Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey.
Example: Thrilling Story
Bullet: "Stamp" "Got Food Through."

£10: Mrs. E. Gibbons, 61, Bardley Road, Streatham, S.W.16.
Example: Easy Money
Bullet: Made Into "Bad Penny."

£5: Mrs. A. Shilsley, East Cult, Dunkeld.
Target For Bomb—American, Red Britain "Dodged."

£4: J. Dolphin, 130, Inverurie Road, Musselburgh.
Thrilling Story—Oil Convoy, Cannot "Torpedoed."

£3: Gnr. R. H. Bruce, 1550262, R.A., c.o 119, Harrington Road, Hillingdon, Middx.
Regarding Of Machine-guns'—"Chatter."
"Freedom Radio Speaking——"

£2: M. S. Brimmell, 20, Cedar Avenue, Salford, Lancs.
Fighting With Bombs—Guns—"Passing" Wars Planes.

£1a.: R. Wood, 4, Grosvenor Street, Wellington Road South, Stockport, Cheshire.
Fly Command-under—"Grounding." But Pre-Cooking Soldiers!

£1a.: M. B. Hoyle, Hanley, Bedale, Yorks.
Hit By Bomb—Bumps Stopped—Ammo "Stripping."

£1a.: J. A. Shields, 19, The Drive, Walthamstow E.17.
Suddenly—"Bombs" Stopped—"Lamb" Taken.

£1a.: J. H. Foreman, 16, St. Helens Road, Drayton, Cosham, Hants.
Bad Got A Hit Mixed And—Radio Struck—Crash Ground!

£1a.: A. E. Montague, "Chartrel," Cudham, Nr. Sevenoaks.
Missed The Sea—Judging Bad Passengers' Temperatures!

A list of 3 Winners of £1a., 20 Winners of 5s. and 60 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Ninth Awards have also been posted.

2 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN X-WORD No. 243

WINNING WORDS: 1. Hit. 2. Hello. 3. Pen. 4. Wire. 5. Net. 6. Anther. 7. Ellis. 8. Wit. 9. Rash or Tash. 10. Glen. 11. Flakes. 12. Tube. 13. Ink. 14. Gun.

£100 SHARERS: Pte. J. E. Andrews, Chester Rd., Sutton Coldfield; W. Bray, 61, Elgin Ave., London, W.9.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 47 entrants.

THIS WEEK'S OFFERS, WITH PRIZES VALUE OVER £250, AWAIT YOU ON OPPOSITE PAGE

JOHN BULL'S GREAT WARTIME BOOK OFFER

ENTIRELY NEW..JUST OUT!

KNITTING FOR ALL ILLUSTRATED

400 HOW-TO-DO-IT DIAGRAMS PHOTOGRAPHS & PATTERNS

The book every woman needs this winter—a wonderful PRACTICAL HOW-TO-DO-IT book that will save you pounds and save your coupons. That is: "KNITTING FOR ALL—ILLUSTRATED" which "John Bull" this week invites every reader to accept.

This wonderful book not only shows you how to make hundreds of new knitted garments for yourself, your family and *your menfolk in the Forces* (many without using any coupons at all, the rest with very few coupons)—it also shows you how you can have *new garments for old* by transforming your discarded woollies into new and fashionable knitteds!

This work contains 320 big pages, 70,000 words and over 400 wonderful photographs, drawings and patterns, showing clearly, step by step, what to do. Experienced knitters will find in this work numerous new outlets for their needles, while everything is made so clear that beginners simply cannot go wrong. You would consider this book a bargain at 21 rs. od., yet, because it is of such national importance, it is being made available at a special low privilege price. Supplies are strictly limited. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. You send no money now for this book—now on the press—but you must reserve your book at once on the Order-Label below.

Here is the wonderful new book you will see how to give new life to old woollen garments—a revolution in war-time economy. How to use up your odds and ends—work-box bits become attractive clothes. How to choose and use yarns—coupon-free yarns, rayon wools and silks. How to make the most of your precious coupons—a special section tells you how! How to reinforce and re-heel socks and stockings for the whole family. Knitting for beginners—first principles clearly illustrated and explained.

Look in the panel on the left at some of the hundreds of things you can make with the aid of this book.

Size of book is 9 ins. deep x 6 ins. wide. The volume is bound in Crash Canvas, beautifully embossed.

All you send after you receive your Invoice is only 3s. 3d., plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc., making 4s. 3d. in all.

POST FORM AT ONCE!

"KNITTING FOR ALL—ILLUSTRATED"

A penny stamp MUST be affixed here by you

Write below in BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

Applies only to Gt. Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. I.V.I. 11/10/41

HOW TO MAKE HUNDREDS OF GARMENTS

For Women A complete wardrobe can be made with garments for every occasion. Dainty undies—vests, panties, bodices. coats, dressing-gowns, bedjackets. Sports clothes—cardigans, pullovers, anklets, socks, suits. Afternoon frocks—slip-over blouses, collars and cuffs in metal thread. Jumpers, evening boleros, beaded evening jumpers. Scarves, hoods and turbans of every kind, and gloves in exciting new designs and every size—all knitted on two needles. Etc., etc., etc.

For Men There are designs you can knit in khaki without coupons. Polo-necked sweaters, cable pullovers, long-sleeved and sleeveless pullovers of every kind. Cardigans, lumber jackets, helmets, scarves, gloves, mittens and underwear, etc., etc.

For Babies & Children There's a layette, knickers, suits, bonnets, dungarees, jerseys and cardigans. Hoods and pullovers, socks and gloves in every size, etc.

DO THIS NOW

Fill in Order-Label right. Affix penny stamp in the space provided for your Special Privilege price and printed matter. Enclose in an unsealed envelope. Put a good stamp on it. Address it to: JOHN BULL PRESS LTD., "KNITTING FOR ALL—ILLUSTRATED," KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON, S.E.1. Keep receipt. Order should be sent at once. Do not delay. Book will be sent by return. If you do not receive it within 14 days, write to us and your money will be refunded by return.

Why not be SLIM and Attractive

You, too, can be a picture of perfect health and fitness—you can regain a slim attractive figure with the aid of nightly Bile Beans.

Whilst you sleep, Bile Beans create internal health. By eliminating fat-forming residue daily, toning up the system and purifying the blood, Bile Beans bring radiant health, a lovely figure and a clear complexion.

So if you want to be youthful, healthy and slender—start taking Bile Beans to-night.

BILE BEANS

IMPROVE HEALTH AND FIGURE

The Smile of Confidence

We've got to smile these days but let's be careful of our smiles. Whatever risks we run, we need not risk our teeth. Above all don't risk using a tooth-paste which uses abrasives to secure whiteness It must wear away that thin white line of enamel which alone prevents decay. Test your tooth-paste to-night. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness, change to Odol. All dentists know Odol is absolutely safe yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Besides being perfect for natural teeth, Odol Tooth Powder cleans False Teeth and Plates beautifully. 7½d. a tin.

Keep the winning.

Odol

Tooth-paste 7½, 1/3, 1/10½ Solid Dentifrice, 7½. Including Purchase Tax.

Smile!

THERE'S CASH IN COMPETITIONS - CASH IN!

PRIZES Amounting to £200 in BULLETS £50 £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 30/- 29/- 28/- 27/- 26/- 3/- 2/5

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples*.

DESIGN FOR VICTORY
TO REBUILD THE WORLD
ON THE MARCH
IT'S WAR WEAPONS WEEK, SO WORK LIKE THE DEVIL AND COMES FIRST
SCENE OF DESOLATION
MUST GO ON
POISONOUS
OUR FRIENDS
WHEN DAD'S AWAY

BULLETS 1,291 RESULT Appears on page 14

LADDER OF SUCCESS
NOT WORTH WHILE
FUN FOR THE TROOPS
LET'S KEEP OUR HEADS AND
FOOLISH PEOPLE
NEVER GREATER
BEWILDERED
WISE PARENTS
FRUITS OF EXPERIENCE

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

WAR OF.....
IF THERE'S NO.....
LITTLE EXTRA.....
DOWN ON THE.....
NEEDED FOR.....
VOICE OF THE.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

Plain paper entry equally eligible. I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this coupon.

P.O. Value..... No.....

1,295 Closing Postmark, MON., OCT. 20

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With "Bullets" you may enclose Xwords—see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated November 8, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

PRIZE VALUE £125 FOR THIS XWORD ONE WEEK ONLY! £100 1st PRIZE RUNNERS-UP AWARDS VALUE £25

For result of Xword No. 243, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

TRY John Bull's 10-MINUTE XWORD No. 247

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d. Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d.	3d.	3d.
1 Friendly one may help you on your way	I F T			
2 Overworked farmer must sometimes hate the very sight of one	F R M			
3 You may still be able to get this when you can't get coal	E A T			
4 Painter ought to take special care when working on	S I L			
5 Broken one may well affect a person's walk	T E			
6 To choose the back seats to do this is characteristic of some people	O O			
7 Girl may try to hide these if they're bony	A N L E S			
8 It will cause general to alter his plans when this melts away	F R O T			
9 Many a silly girl leaving club in lovely frock is surprised to find it's thin	O R N			
10 May describe silly ass	B O O			
11 It's natural fisherman's wife should fear her boys getting caught by this of the sea	S E L L			
12 Choir-master's work is considerably eased if most of members can do this	E A D			
13 There's not the slightest doubt Hitler's had his	A Y			
14 Constant use of curb on this may well cause one to kick over traces	F L L Y			

FREE ENTRIES Send in entries at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. 2 columns FREE with each 6 paid. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark MON., OCT. 20.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee.

P.O. Value.....

No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,295—or Xword No. 247, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Lots of things are new in this war. Shortages. Black-out. Different work. Harder travel. We cannot afford to say: "We never did that before." We have to adapt ourselves to constantly changing conditions. It's not always easy, but you'll find lots of help if you listen-in to the Kitchen Front broadcast at 8.15 every morning.

Here are some of the things housewives do now though they "never did that before"

Instead of orange juice, *give Baby swede juice or turnip juice*, sweetened of course. To do him the same amount of good as orange juice, Baby needs three times the quantity of either of these vegetable juices.

* * *

Trim fat from the joint before roasting, melt it down and use it as cooking fat.

* * *

Eat National Wheatmeal Bread *because, beside being good for health, it saves shipping space.*

* * *

Make stale bread into rusks, or cut in cubes, bake it until golden brown *and use in the same way as "breakfast cereal."*

* * *

Rinse out milk bottles with a little cold water; use the milky liquid in cooking, *because every drop of milk is valuable and should not be wasted.*

but some haven't done THIS yet

The scheme of Winter Milk Distribution to registered consumers starts on Sunday, October 12th. If you have not yet registered with your supplier, do so at once, or you will have difficulty in obtaining milk.

Food Facts

NUMBER 61

The Ministry of Food, London, W.1

See how Andrews refreshes and purifies:

FIRST. Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.

NEXT. Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity.

THEN. Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY. To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels.

10½d. and 1/6½d. including purchase tax

ANDREWS

The quality is always the same

V . . . — What a bit of luck! "Landed" on Sharp's the other day. Were the boys bucked! Sharp's are the goods—and were quickly "mopped up."

"Eston" Toffee, 5d. per ¼ lb

Sharp's

THEY SAID IT SEEMED INCREDIBLE

THAT SUCH SMALL TONIC TABLETS COULD EFFECT SUCH A CHANGE

Air Raid Victim Praises YEAST-VITE

Essex,
Aug. 28th, 1941.

Dear Sirs,

It may be of interest to you to learn that, owing to my marvellous recovery from my recent war injury, when my home was destroyed by direct hit, many people have requested information as to the medicine I took which has been so beneficial in effecting relief from the pain and exhaustion from which I suffered.

When I tell them I owe it to the wonder tablets called "Yeast-Vite" they said it seemed incredible that such small tonic tablets could effect such a change.

I gave them some of the tablets to try, such is my belief in them. I am sure they will not let me down, and I await their verdict with confidence, as what Yeast-Vite did for me, it will do for them.

(Sgd.) W. R.

Surrey,
Aug. 27th, 1941.

Dear Sirs,

It is a pleasure to write to you about my case.

I am an air raid victim and suffering with an injury for nine months, and this has left me a bag of nerves. I thought of Yeast-Vite tablets, and I am greatly relieved by taking two at night to make me sleep: if that does not do, I take two more, and then off to sleep until six in the morning.

I cannot praise your tablets too much, as they have done me the world of good.

(Sgd.) C. C.

Accept This Offer!

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/4 bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full. YEAST-VITE tonic tablets, 7d., 1/4, 3/3 & 5/4, including purchase tax. Sold Everywhere.

★ *Still made from stocks of fine tobaccos carefully selected and stored in large quantities to ensure that the De Reszke standard of quality is maintained.*

20 FOR 1/1½

10 FOR 6½d.

Cork-tipped as well as Plain

16 FOR 10½d.

THE PASSWORD TO WHITER BRIGHTER TEETH

CATARRH MISERY!

Nose blocked with mucus. Breathing hard and uncomfortable. Hearing difficult. Phlegm lined throat. Nagging headache. All make your life a misery. Use NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy and get immediate relief. Apply a little in your nostrils, sniff it up. Feel how it soothes. Breathe freely and deeply through clean nasal-passages. NOSTROLINE for Nasal Catarrh, 'Flu, Head Colds, Catarrhal-Deafness. All Chemists 1/3, tax extra.

'NOSTROLINE'

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